

# HEART EYES

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HEAR: Bryan Adams and Barbra Streisand's *"I've Finally Found Someone"* over the inimitable--

SPYGLASS LOGO. But, it plays in REVERSE. We fly backwards through the lens, but the shape is nay a circle, but--

A HEART, FRAMING the silhouettes of--

**A COUPLE IN LOVE**

SLOW MOTION. PATRICK (30s, rich, white) and ADELINE (30s, rich, white) run toward a perfect patch of grass, all smiles.

SLOW MOTION. The lovebirds shake out a PICNIC BLANKET, laying out a romantic SPREAD of fruit and cheeses.

SLOW MOTION. Champagne pours into expensive glasses.

1

**EXT. VINEYARD - MORNING**

1

ADELINE  
Patrick.

PATRICK  
Adeline.

ADELINE  
This is going to be the best  
Valentine's Day ever. This place.  
It's just-- so gorge.

PATRICK  
Of course it is, babe.

PATRICK (CONT'D) ADELINE  
You picked it. I picked it!

Rich, white laughter.

Music swells as they KISS, backlit by gorgeous orange flare.

POV: AN UNSEEN CREEPER watches the couple from afar.

HEAR: CREEPY BREATHING.

FOREBODING MUSIC...

**PICNIC**

A GORGEOUS FRUIT BASKET. Patrick reaches for a STRAWBERRY. He feeds one to Adeline. She bites and--

Her eyes go wide with terror - *something isn't right.*

ADELINE (CONT'D)  
Wh-- what the hell?!

Patrick grins, watching as--

She reaches into her mouth and pulls out an ENGAGEMENT RING!

ADELINE (CONT'D)  
Patrick, I told you I didn't want  
it in my food.

PATRICK  
Oh, shit. Sorry, I--

ADELINE  
It's fine. Keep going.

Adeline is pretend stunned. (*She's been expecting this*). Her eyes fill with perfect tears. Patrick takes a knee.

PATRICK  
Adeline Delilah Garrett.

ADELINE  
Yes, Patrick Parker Eddington.

Adeline mouths every word of the following:

PATRICK  
You're smart. You're beautiful. And perhaps, most important of all, you make me *think*. You're my person. And I can't imagine my life without you. Will you marry me?

ADELINE  
Are you kidding? Yes! A million times yes!

He slips the ring on her finger. They embrace and kiss.

MUSIC SWELLS. Stunning silhouettes in the amber glow.

**A PHONE RINGS**, startling them.

Patrick breaks the kiss and answers his CELL PHONE.

PATRICK  
Why. Are you calling me right now.  
(beat) What the fuck do you mean  
you didn't get it?!

ANGLE ON: Adeline, *pissed*.

**ACROSS THE VINEYARD**

CLOSE: a TELESCOPIC LENS.

PHOTOGRAPHER

There were a couple of sun flares.  
I'm sorry.

Our creeper is just a schlubby EVENT PHOTOGRAPHER (50s, ponytail).

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)

I tried to reposition but it was no use. Could you maybe do it again, or?

PATRICK

Why yes. Let me re-propose to my fucking girlfriend so you can do your job right.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Technically she's your fiancé.

PATRICK

Don't get cute with me. Do it right this time or I'll end you. On Yelp. Fucking amateur.

Patrick hangs up on him. The photographer digs into his camera bag for a lens filter, mumbling to himself:

PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm not even on Yelp. Dick.

He lowers his gaze to the viewfinder, when--

A BLACK GLOVED HAND enters frame, and--

DRIVES a MACHETE THROUGH THE LENS, and thus through the photographer's EYEBALL. He drops to one knee, convulsing, blood spilling out through the lens hole.

ANGLE ON: the knuckle brace of the weapon. HEART-LIKE DECALS.

**PICNIC**

Patrick takes a knee again.

PATRICK

Sorry.

ADELINE

This is why I told you to hire the other guy.

PATRICK

I know. Sorry babe. Okay. Speech-speech-speech-lovey-love-love... Will you marry me...?

Adeline composes herself, puts on a performative pretty face:

ADELINE

YES! A million times yes!

Patrick slides the ring on. They kiss. Hard stop. He dials the photographer again. Adeline grabs it--

ADELINE (CONT'D)

Gimme the phone. Hello?

It goes straight to--

PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

*You've reached Nico the Photo Guy!*

ADELINE

Are you fucking kidding me?!

**THWIP.**

We SLOWLY PAN RIGHT, REVEALING: PATRICK. Something's wrong.

ADELINE (CONT'D)

Babe?

CLOSE: Patrick has an ARROW protruding from his FOREHEAD. Blood gushes down his crisp, white shirt. He gurgles brain-dead gibberish.

Patrick tips forward -- face plants into the ground between Adeline's legs, driving the tip of the arrow out the back of his skull.

TILT UP: Adeline SCREAMS! and--

**THWIP!** Another arrow whizzes past her face, exploding a fruit display on the table behind her.

DOLLY, FAST: Adeline RUNS, accidentally kicking the SPEAKER, which spins into a CLOSE-UP. Streisand and Adams blast full volume. The stuff of goosebumps.

2

**EXT. VINEYARD PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

2

Adeline stumbles toward Patrick's LUCID AIR. She tries the door. It's locked.

*TWHIP-SMASH!* An arrow SHATTERS the driver's side window.

Adeline falls to her butt, covering her mouth.

**BEHIND THE CAR**

Adeline holds her breath. Once she feels it's safe, she--

Lifts herself up, FRAMED IN TWO BUSTED WINDOWS.

*Phew. He's gone.* She sits back down, only to clock--

**THE KILLER'S REFLECTION IN THE DRIVER'S SIDE MIRROR!**

They're wearing a mask, but we don't yet see it.

**SMASH!** Another ARROW blasts by Adeline's face, shattering the mirror glass.

The killer pulls a BOLT from their belt, and--

**CLICK!** The bolt EXPANDS. It's a retractable fucking ARROW!

He reloads his CROSSBOW, as--

Adeline RUNS, stumbling blindly into--

**A MAZE OF DEAD, CROOKED VINES.** It's February, after all.

She TRIPS, tumbling to the ground and crawls on all fours, taking cover behind a WATER DRUM. *Listening.*

CRUNCH. Footsteps. They stop.

Adeline carefully peers over the lip of the drum. Nothing.

It's DEAD QUIET. Save for birds, sweetly chirping.

She starts to crawl, SLOWLY, tears streaming down her cheeks.

*Sixpence None The Richer's "KISS ME" BLARES!* Adeline's RING TONE. She scrambles to silence her phone -- seeing the name on the screen: **PATRICK**, a selfie of them on a sailboat.

She picks up.

ADELINE

H-hello?!

HEAR: Creepy breathing.

ADELINE (CONT'D)  
You l-l-isten to me, asshole. I-  
I've been planning this day my  
whole life and you- you killed him-

**ON THE KILLER (OVERLOOKING VINES)**

Holding the bloodied cellphone to his (masked) ear, he tracks the direction of the ringtone and Adeline's voice...

**ON ADELINE (IN THE VINES)**

ADELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You fucked with the wrong bride. Do  
you hear me?! YOU FUCKED WITH THE  
WRONG--

**THWIP!** An arrow drives THROUGH HER FOOT! She SHRIEKS.

**ON THE KILLER (PARKING LOT)**

Adeline pops up in the vines. *He's got her now.*

Adeline BOOKS IT to the vineyard's production building, limping in screaming pain - arrow jutting from her ankle.

3

**INT. VINEYARD - MAIN BUILDING - MORNING**

3

Adeline hurries inside the dimly lit building, full hysterics.

The arrow *CLINKS* on hard ground as she runs, echoing in the empty place.

She shuts the heavy door behind her, searches for a lock, hands trembling. There is none. With no other options--

Adeline pulls a SLINKY SIDE TABLE in front of the door. It won't do shit. She turns, limping down the hallway, as--

THE DOOR PEELS OPEN, revealing a figure in ALL BLACK. His face is perfectly obscured.

Adeline sobs for help - her mutilated foot *CLINK-CLINKING* down the hall. She hobbles around a corner into--

A MAN'S ARMS! She screams. It's a SECURITY GUARD (50s).

ADELINE  
*PLEASEPLEASEHEHESHESTRYINGTOKILLME--*

The guard clocks the threat behind her and pulls his PISTOL.

SECURITY GUARD

Whoa. Drop the knife! I said DROP  
THE KNIFE, asshole!

**CHK!** A THROWING KNIFE strikes the guard's skull. He's DEAD.

As the killer RELOADS his crossbow, Adeline seizes her moment and grabs a SAMPLE BOTTLE of Cabernet by the neck, LAUNCHES IT. The killer dodges, expertly.

Adeline forges ahead, desperately limping through a short maze of MISC MACHINERY.

4

**INT. VINEYARD - WINE PRESS AREA - CONTINUOUS**

4

A room of large, commercial grade GRAPE PRESSES. Adeline searches for another door but she's trapped.

**BY THE MACHINERY**

ELBOW HEIGHT: The KILLER'S gloved hands enter frame, clutching the crossbow. He stops, clocking something.

TILT DOWN TO: A TRAIL OF BLOODY, DUSTY FOOTPRINTS...

KILLER POV: scanning the room, labored breathing muffled behind the mask. There's no sign of Adeline.

5

**INSIDE A GRAPE PRESS**

5

Adeline hides, waist-deep in a mush of freshly harvested Zinfandel grapes. She holds her breath as the killer approaches-- and STOPS.

Her eyes go WIDE WITH TERROR. *Is this it?*

The killer moves on. Thank god.

Adeline slowly lifts her head from the muck, and peeks out.

POV ADELINE: Scanning the room. It's quiet. Empty.

TWO GLINTING RED EYES STEP INTO LINE OF SIGHT! The killer!

He reaches in and GRIPS HER THROAT. She thinks fast and--

SLAMS THE LID ON THE KILLER'S LEFT HAND. The killer GRUNTS, hand caught under the massive weight of this machine.



He YANKS his hand back, the lid TEARING HIS GLOVE.

ADELINE  
(primal hysteria)  
**TAKETHATYOUOTHERFUCKER!!!**

The killer stands, UNMOVING behind the press PORT HOLE.

A new wave of panic washes over Adeline.

ADELINE (CONT'D)  
GO AWAY! GO AWAYYYY! Please--

He does. She follows his form until he's out of sight.

It's quiet again. She's safe!

5A

**OUTSIDE THE GRAPE PRESS**

5A

The Killer stops in front of an industrial LOCK.

He WINDS THE LOCK, sealing Adeline's doom. Then--

He casually approaches a CONTROL BOX and presses a GREEN BUTTON. A loud pneumatic HUM fills the place.

PAN TO: ADELINE, in the press, realizing her fate.

HEAR: MUFFLED SCREAMS. The smooth hum is interrupted by an AWFUL GRINDING SOUND as Adeline herself is ground to muck.

CLOSE ON THE GRAPE NOZZLE: Adeline's BLOOD sputters out of the spout - filling a barrel marked "**I DEUX.**"

REVERSE: We finally get a good look at the killer's face. He wears a MASK, an eerie version of the HEART EYES EMOJI.

SLOW PUSH IN TO: The Heart Eyes Killer's mask. Though we can't see his face, we know...

*...he's smiling.*

The picture falls to BLACK, save for his GLINTING RED EYES, which we cleverly incorporate into--

**THE TITLE CARD:**

**HEART EYES**

Outkast's *Happy Valentine's Day* plays over VARIOUS SHOTS:

6           **- THE VINEYARD. NOW A CRIME SCENE.**

6

SLOW MOTION. A COP rolls YELLOW CRIME TAPE across the door.

REPORTER (O.S.)

*How do you plan to celebrate  
Valentine's Day given the series of  
grisly murders that occurred this  
very day these past two years? Do  
you expect the Heart Eyes Killer to  
pierce your plans with his arrow?*

6A           **- THE STREET (NEWSCAST). PIERRE (FOREIGN, 50S, ERUDITE).**

6A

PIERRE

*It make no difference to me. I am  
dating myself right now.*

6B           **- THE STREET (NEWSCAST). A GROUP OF GIRLS (20S, GRUNGY).**

6B

GROUP OF GIRLS

*Who makes Valentine's Day plans? /  
This holiday sucks ass, dude / Fuck  
Valentine's Day / Oops sorry mom--  
/ Sorry not sorry!*

They crack each other up.

6C           **- THE STREET (NEWSCAST). DYLAN AND DANA (A COUPLE, 20S).**

6C

DYLAN

*Lowkey, like, I'm not even lowkey  
scared. The HEK don't got nothin'  
on me. I took four years of jiu-  
jitsu.*

DANA

*One year.*

DYLAN

*Shut up, Dana! We're on TV!*

REPORTER ON CAMERA (GIGI SIECZKOWSKI)

*Whether you're with a partner or  
looking for love--*

7

INT. MORNING PERK COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

7

REPORTER (V.O.)  
-- stay vigilant this Valentine's  
Day.

The place is DECKED OUT in VALENTINE'S DAY DECORATIONS.  
Hearts and Cupids. Pinks and Reds.

A CAFE PATRON carries a GIANT BOUQUET OF VALENTINES BALLOONS,  
all of which hit our hero--

ALLY MCCABE (20's). Determined. Outspoken. Seated, buried in  
her phone. Ally's like "*What the fuck?*" Fixes her hair. Then--

ANGLE ON: ALLY'S PHONE. She anxiously scrolls through endless  
V-Day POSTS of *happy couples*. She pauses on one:

A roguishly handsome BRITISH GUY (30s) in the arms of an  
equally attractive BRUNETTE (20s). Ally's face sours when--

**WHAM!** THE HEART EYES KILLER BANGS ON THE WINDOW BEHIND HER.  
Ally jumps. HEART EYES JUST STARES AT HER. Ally freezes.

Then-- Heart Eyes is accosted by a small GANG OF TEENAGERS.

It's a cheap KNOCK-OFF mask. Just a prank.

They hoot and bang on the glass as they run away.

ALLY  
Nice one, dipshits! I hope Cupid  
shoots you in the dick!

BARISTA (O.S.)  
Caramel soy latte for Monica.

MONICA  
That's me!

The BARISTA (20s, tattooed with attitude) hands MONICA (20s,  
Ally's ride or die BFF, drenched in style she can't afford)  
approaches Ally. Ally fidgets as she waits.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Are you stressing because you're  
single on V-Day?

ALLY  
No, I'm stressing because Crystal  
called an all hands meeting and the  
subject of her email literally said  
"ALLYS CAMPAIGN." I'm fucked.

MONICA

Worst case scenario, you get fired  
and never work again.

ALLY

Worst case scenario, Crystal Cane  
wears my skin as a pant suit.

MONICA

Best case scenario, you got great  
skin, though. You know what? If you  
go down, I go down with you. We'll  
Thelma and Louise this shit.

ALLY

Love you.

MONICA

I know.

BARISTA

*Large iced blended Americano with  
oat milk, two honey, one sugar.*

Ally reaches for her drink as another HAND lands on hers.  
Ally looks up to find a CUTE GUY reaching for the same drink.

CUTE GUY

I'm sorry. Is that yours?

ALLY

Oh, that is definitely mine. No one  
else would order another--

BARISTA / ALLY / CUTE GUY

(shouting/interrupting)

*--large iced blended Americano with  
oat milk, two honey, one sugar.*

An electric beat between the two. Even the barista's stunned.

CUTE GUY

Wow. What are the odds? Looks like  
we're "Coffee Mates."

ALLY

Nice. dad joke. I thought I was the  
only person with the world's most  
obnoxious drink order.

BARISTA

It's a pretty common order  
actually. Can you guys move? It's  
busy.

Cute Guy laughs. Monica laughs (probably too hard).

Ally clocks that smile. *Jesus, he's charming.* He grabs a straw and offers one to her first.

ALLY

Thanks but I carry my own.

She reaches into her tote and pulls out a METAL STRAW.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I hate paper straws. They turn to mush in three seconds.

CUTE GUY

Right? Like, let's put the *entire drink* into a *plastic cup* but thank god the straw's paper.

CUTE GUY (CONT'D)

Planet saved!

ALLY

Planet saved!

They both laugh. *This is the real thing.*

ALLY (CONT'D)

Sweetener, however. Can't get enough of those. Want one? Lil' slow poison for the pancreas?

JAY

Oh! Sure, thanks--

Ally hands Cute Guy a SWEETENER PACKET, but drops it. They bend down at the same time to retrieve it and gently bonk heads and it's fucking adorable.

ALLY

Oh my god. I'm so sorry.

CUTE GUY

Please. Totally my fault. I got it.

ALLY

No. I'm-- a fucking klutz now, evidently. Let me.

The barista watches, rolling their eyes.

Cute Guy bends down to help just as Ally stands up and SMASHES THE FUCK OUT OF HIS NOSE WITH THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

Blood instantly gushes from Cute Guy's nose.

CUTE GUY

OW! FUCK!

Ally recoils at the sight of blood. Cute Guy grabs his nose, trying to stop the bleeding. Ally glances around and sees everyone in the store staring at them.

In her panic, she grabs a stack of NAPKINS and throws them at Cute Guy.

ALLY

SHIT SHIT SHIT! Sorry!

(to Monica)

See you at work, Mon!

Ally bounces, leaving Cute Guy bleeding and confused, a small shower of napkins raining down around him.

CUTE GUY'S POV: Ally exits, shoving her way past people on the sidewalk like an embarrassed cannonball.

Shocked/dismayed, he bends down and grabs a napkin off the floor and uses it to stop the bleeding.

MONICA

(as she leaves)

Sorry. She's getting fired today.

CLOSE: a WALL MOUNTED TV broadcasting local news.

7A

**NEWS ROOM**

7A

An ANCHORMAN (60s, handsome) asks, from behind a NEWS DESK:

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

*Has the Heart Eyes Killer come to Seattle? Exactly one year after a Valentine's Day massacre left three couples dead in Boston, and four couples dead in Philadelphia the year prior, four victims have now been claimed at a winery in the Seattle area, ending one dream engagement... in a nightmare.*

HIGH ANGLE: Off Jay's reaction to the news, we jump to--

8

**EXT. VINEYARD - MORNING (NEWSCAST)**

8

The report cuts to CHIEF RICHARD HARTLEY (50s, grizzled) addressing a handful of REPORTERS as he exits his cruiser.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)  
Chief Hartley, is this the work of  
the Heart Eyes Killer?

CHIEF HARTLEY  
That's unconfirmed at this point,  
but given the pattern of targeting  
couples on Valentine's Day, we  
suspect it's the work of HEK.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)  
What do you have to say to all the  
couples out there planning to  
celebrate Valentine's Day?

CHIEF HARTLEY  
Stay home.

He walks off to a cacophony of questions when--

The image goes BLACK. We find ourselves in:

9

**INT. CRYSTAL CANE JEWELERS HQ - BOARD ROOM - MORNING**

9

Stepping in front of a LARGE TV at the head of a long conference table is CRYSTAL CANE (imagine DOLLY PARTON if she was divorced two times and loathed humanity).

CRYSTAL  
Well. This is quite a pickle. Why  
didn't a single one of you tell me  
there was a maniac running around  
slaughtering people on Valentine's  
Day the last couple years? Tommy?

She turns to TOMMY (20s, her suck-up intern). He  
performatively glares at the room.

TOMMY  
Not a single. One of you.

CRYSTAL  
This campaign is certainly... *ill*  
*timed*. Wouldn't you say so, missy?

REVERSE WIDE: Ally awkwardly standing before a room of  
steely, STARING EMPLOYEES, save for Monica who gives Ally an  
encouraging thumbs up.

ALLY  
Uh-- I, well--

Monica stands next to Ally.

MONICA  
Crystal, if I may, you're always pushing "relevant"? And Ally's campaign is very "now."

CRYSTAL  
Oh. Monica. Was I speaking to you?

Monica sits. Ally sneaks her an air kiss.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
Tommy?

Crystal snaps her fingers at Tommy. He screen mirrors his PHONE to THE TV:

**A CRYSTAL CANE JEWELERS COMMERCIAL**

SLOW MOTION re-enactments of doomed lovers played by hot MODELS (20s) floating through a WHITE SPACE (ie. a cyclorama with rotating colors).

The models morph from ROMEO holding poisoned JULIET to JACK & ROSE holding one another on the BOW OF A SHIP headed for a cool looking ICEBERG to BONNIE & CLYDE kissing in an OLD CAR. The commercial ends with the tagline: **"Til Death Do Us Part"**

Each time the couple dies, a BURST of RED RIBBON spools out in all directions like a morbid theatre piece.

Tommy reads the COMMENTS SECTION aloud:

TOMMY  
*Wow. Profiting off of the death of couples to sell rings. Speechless. This is disgusting. How could they run this? Cringe. Straight up tacky. Someone find out who made this and dox their ignorant ass.*

(then)  
It goes on. Ally, I'm honestly worried about your safety.

ALLY  
Gee, thanks Tommy.

CRYSTAL  
How many people has this Heart faced asshole killed?



JANE (30s, another suck-up minion) raises her hand.

JANE  
I think like. A lot.

Jane shoots Ally a judgmental sneer.

Crystal paces like a caged tiger, then--

SHE HURLS a GLASS BOWL of PINK M&M's at the wall. Eyes Ally:

CRYSTAL  
You built a nationwide campaign  
around romances ending in death?

ALLY  
You approved it.

CRYSTAL  
Because *I trusted you*. But now I  
realize that was a mistake, handing  
the keys to a junior creative.  
Summer engagement season is around  
the corner and we gotta pivot!  
Fast! You're gonna make me a new  
campaign, else I suggest going home  
to your mama and crawling back up  
inside her. 'Cuz I'll make sure you  
never work in advertising again.

ALLY  
Yeah. Okay. Look. No problem. Give  
me a beat to brainstorm some ideas--

CRYSTAL  
Jay, get in here.

ALLY  
Jay? Who's--

Tommy and Jane open the sliding glass door.

Everyone turns to face...

MONICA  
No way.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
No way.

JAY (aka CUTE GUY FROM THE COFFEE SHOP!) enters the room,  
wearing a new, *not-bloody* shirt, pulling a BLOODY NAPKIN from  
his nose. Ally's stomach drops.

CRYSTAL

Everyone, meet Jay Simmonds. Former CCD of BMY New York, the youngest freelance Cleo Award winner for viral romantic campaigns from fancy cars to luxury chocolate... Earning his moniker: Consumer Cupid. When I realized how far up shit's creek Ally paddled us, I called for reinforcements. Fortunately, he's lending us his brilliant brain before he skips town tomorrow.

The room applauds. Crystal beams. Ally turns bright red as Jay casually clocks her. This is fucked.

JAY

Hey everyone, thrilled to be here. I know we just hit some turbulence but now it's all about landing the plane. We'll get through this. Together.

Ally grabs her stuff and abruptly exits the conference room.

10

**INT. ALLY'S OFFICE - MORNING**

10

Holding back tears, Ally shoves her stuff into a box.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?

Ally whirls to face Crystal, suddenly (scarily) in her face.

ALLY

What do you mean? You just *fired me* in front of *the whole team*.

CRYSTAL

Fired you? You got six months left on your contract and I intend to squeeze every last drop out of you.

ALLY

So what, I get him coffee while he "lands the plane?"

CRYSTAL

No. You're gonna sit down with him. Today. All night, if you have to.

((MORE))

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

And you're gonna figure out a sizzling, seductive, blockbuster Crystal Cane campaign by tomorrow or I'll blacklist you so hard you won't be able to sell a cock ring in 'Frisco.

Crystal exits the room. Ally notices all her CO-WORKERS staring through her fishbowl of an office.

ALLY

Okay! Show's over, bitches!

Everyone disperses -- except one... JAY. Standing across the room. He waves sheepishly. Ally runs. Monica follows.

11

**INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY**

11

Ally sits in one of the stalls, scrolling through more negative comments about her campaign, reading aloud:

ALLY

*"Whoever made this I hope u get cancelled and murdered not in that order. #DoBetter"* That's nice.

**THE NEXT STALL OVER**

Monica reads other comments on the same thread:

MONICA

*"As someone who may die someday, I find this 'commercial' to be tone deaf and borderline ableist."* Wow. People are fucking dumb.

**ALLY'S STALL**

ON HER PHONE: A SOCIAL MEDIA NOTIFICATION. **Sili\_CollinValley has posted a new story.**

Ally rotates windows from the comments to:

A POST: The same roguishly handsome Brit (COLLIN) with the same ATTRACTIVE GIRL taking a BRUNCH SELFIE. Ally stays on the image. Something about it clearly STINGS.

There's a light rap on the stall door.

ALLY

Someone's in here.

JAY (O.S.)

I know.

Monica covers her mouth.

ALLY

Oh my god. Jay? This is the women's room, dude. You can't be in here.

JAY (O.S.)

Uh. It's unisex. I was waiting outside for you but you've been in here for like twenty minutes.

Ally quickly collects herself and opens the door. Jay smiles.

JAY (CONT'D)

We meet again.

*Fuck, he's still charming and cute.* But Ally jams that thought down with a million other repressed feelings.

ALLY

I'm sorry about earlier. I...

JAY

Don't even. It's fine.

ALLY

Your shirt...

JAY

Who knew Zara opened at nine?

ALLY

I'll Venmo you.

JAY

Don't be silly. Listen, I don't mean to stalk, I just have to run. I've been dying to take this yoga class that starts in less than an hour. The instructor's a legend.

ALLY

Yoga? Aren't we supposed to be saving the company?

JAY

Oh, we will. *After yoga.* I booked us a table at L'oeie.

ALLY

Dinner?

JAY

Yeah. It sounds cool. It's in a bunch of food blogs--

ALLY

You realize it's Valentine's Day.

JAY

Oh, shit I'm sorry. Do you have plans?

ALLY

Uh. No...

JAY

Great! What better place to do a little field research? See you at 8 sharp?

ALLY

Dude, can we just do this tomorrow?

JAY

I wish. I gotta catch a flight first thing tomorrow morning. It's my best friend's wedding.

ALLY

We can't have dinner at a fancy restaurant.

JAY

My expense account disagrees. See ya at eight!

Jay hurries for the door just as JANE (co-worker) enters. She clocks Jay and then Ally. Flashes a sly "oooooh gurl" grin.

ALLY

Yeah, Jane. I just fucked the stranger who's replacing me in the women's bathroom. *Busted.*

Monica peeks her head out from her stall.

MONICA

You suck, Jane.

DRONE: An UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER flies past rows and rows of familiar GNARLED GRAPE VINES.

SHAW (O.S.)

Oh. My god. I got a really good feeling about this guy.

13

**EXT. DEBUSSY VINEYARD - CRIME SCENE - DAY**

13

The cruiser parks. One of many in a circus of COP CARS, INVESTIGATORS, CSIs, MEDIA, and OFFICIALS in and out of uniform. This is big.

Two detectives - DETECTIVE JEANINE SHAW (30s, a plucky Pisces with dreams in her eyes and a gun in her holster) - and DETECTIVE ZEKE HOBBS (40s, a slimy Gemini with too much after shave and a Viagra in the glove box) exit the vehicle.

Shaw shows Hobbs her phone -- a shirtless HUNK dressed in fire gear rolls on the ground in a pile of adorable WHITE LABS.

SHAW

We're gonna get married. I can feel it.

HOBBS

That your boyfriend?

SHAW

A girl can dream. He's an actual fireman who loves puppies.

HOBBS

Looks like a fag to me.

A FORENSICS GUY shoots a nasty gay look at Hobbs--

HOBBS (CONT'D)

Hey, Lyle.

We lead the detectives in a brisk walk-and-talk.

SHAW

Hobbs, you can't use the F-word.

HOBBS

(baby voice)

Uh-oh! You gonna sick da woke powice on me?

SHAW

I happen to have a lot of gay friends.

HOBBS

See. That's why you're single. What you need is a real man. A *guy who's gonna make the first move.*

Hobbs creepily whispers in her ear, then--

He gets a FaceTime and instantly code-switches:

HOBBS (CONT'D)

Hi kiddo! How's my sparkly unicorn?!

KID (O.S.)

MOMMY ATE MY STRAWBERRY POP TARTS!

HOBBS' WIFE (O.S.)

(from phone)

She's a liar. When will you be home?

HOBBS

Ahh sorry punkin, gonna be a late night. Daddy's got a killer to catch. 'Sides, someone's gotta bring home the Pop Tarts!

HOBBS' WIFE (O.S.)

Zeke, I promised my mother I'd visit her in the hospita--

HOBBS

Mwah Mwah Mwah! Daddy loves you!

He hangs up as they approach CHIEF HARTLEY who shouts at an OFFICER failing to block a small group of REPORTERS (including Gigi) craning their necks, trying to get the shot.

CHIEF HARTLEY

Keep those idiots outta here!

(then)

C'mon, detectives. You're gonna love this.

Before Shaw follows Hobbs and Hartley under the lift gate to the crime scene, she stops. Something catches her eye.

WIDE: We pull back over a SHOULDER. HEART EYES' JACKET.

HEAR: *HEAVY BREATHING.* Watching Shaw as she goes inside.

14

**INT. DEBUSSY VINEYARD - MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

14

Chief Hartley leads the detectives to the wine press. Hartley clicks on a PEN LIGHT, shining it at something.

CHIEF HARTLEY

Check it out.

LOW ANGLE: Hobbs grabs a pen and pulls at something GLINTING beneath the wine press. On the pen, he lifts a SILVER RING.

HOBBS

Looks like a wedding band.

SHAW

Could it be one of the victim's?

Chief Hartley lowers his reading glasses, examining:

CHIEF HARTLEY

Unlikely. Initials engraved on the inside. J.S. Doesn't match either of the deceased.

Shaw, latex glove on, inspects it. It has her full attention.

SHAW

How's that for a clue?

JUMP CUT TO:

**A PNEUMATIC HISS** as a hand lifts the top of the GRAPE PRESS.

INSIDE: A PULPY MESS. Crushed BONE and matted HAIR are the only remnants left of what was once a person.

Shaw descends into the press, now wearing SHOE BOOTIES, GOGGLES and LATEX GLOVES.

CLICK. She aims a PEN LIGHT, sifting through gore.

CHIEF HARTLEY

What kind of animal does something like this?

HOBBS

Prolly some incel virgin troll living in his mommy's basement.

SHAW

Assuming it's a man.

The men share surprised looks.



SHAW (CONT'D)

What about the girl who never got asked to prom? The love-scorned woman who got cheated-on one too many times and just... *snapped*.

Shaw pulls a broken JAWBONE from the nasty goop. Then--

*DING-DING!* Shaw pauses her search to check her PHONE.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Ooh, yay! He replied!

HOBBS

The gay fireman?

SHAW

No. This guy works in tech.

HOBBS

(to Chief Hartley)

Shaw's got a fetish for betas.

SHAW

I don't have a fetish.

HOBBS

Everyone has a fetish.

SHAW

Speaking of. This is more than a simple murder.

Shaw reaches into the VAT and pulls out what must be ADELINE'S SCALP. Wet flesh and blood-matted hair dangles between Shaw's thumb and index -- studying it. Hartley gags.

Shaw finally climbs out of the press carrying the scalp.

SHAW (CONT'D)

It's a kink.

HOBBS

You're joking.

SHAW

Look at the manner of death, Hobbs. It's theatrical. Passionate.

Shaw nods to a trail of ROSE PETALS in the middle of the room. A CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a photograph with the FLASH -- the light reveals a HUMAN HEART lying on the ground.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Our killer loves to kill. Murders couples with augmented weaponry and literal love in his eyes. HEK is one disturbed individual.

Shaw drops the blood-slick scalp into an EVIDENCE BAG.

HOBBS

Understatement of the fuckin' year.

A FORENSICS PERSON takes the bag and hands Shaw a PHOTOGRAPH.

CHIEF HARTLEY

How do you know for sure it's HEK?

SHAW

Because this is the last thing the wedding photographer ever saw.

She hands Hartley the photo. Hobbs sidles up.

Shaw saunters over to the HUMAN HEART.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Heart Eyes has come to our city, boys. And they got another ten hours of Valentine's Day left to kill.

CLOSE: THE PHOTO. A BLUR of violence. A Heart-shaped EYE.

TOP SHOT: Shaw and the others stand on flower pedals inside a VALENTINE'S HEART smeared in Adeline's BLOOD.

20

**EXT. PARK CAFE - CITY VISTA - DUSK**

20

Ally sits at one of several French-style tables and chairs overlooking an incredible view of the city. *Sex & the City: Seattle style*. Other folks are gathering for happy hour.

Monica brings a round of APEROL SPRITZES from the BAR.

ALLY

Mon, lemme get this. You're like a hundred thousand dollars in debt.

MONICA

Not anymore. Arthur paid it off and he let me keep the card.

Monica lifts a fancy looking CREDIT CARD in Ally's face.

ALLY

You fucking serious? Someone likes a little sugar with their daddy.

MONICA

Ally! I do not have a sugar daddy. That term is problematic. (beat) I have a *sponsor*.

ALLY

Do you love your "sponsor" or is he just erasing your debt?

MONICA

Yes, I do love him. And I love that he's erased my debt. Sure, we met 'cuz I was posting pictures of my feet, but I also have daddy issues and two halves make a whole. You get it.

ALLY

Yeah, but my daddy issues are... very different. So when am I gonna meet this secret Hugh Hefner? Maybe we can all get dinner? 4:30? Soup?

Ally grabs her phone, pretends to put it in her calendar.

MONICA

Ha. As you literally stalk your ex.

ALLY

Is Arthur Heart Eyes?! That's why I haven't met him.

MONICA

Oh, please. If anyone's Heart Eyes it's probably Crystal.

The TV catches Ally's eye:

ANGLE ON: BAR TV--

20A

**NEWS STUDIO**

20A

The ANCHORMAN from earlier, broadcasting behind his desk:

ANCHORMAN

*...multiple sightings of the Heart Eyes Killer, but it's not what you may think. We now go live to Gigi Sieczkowski with the latest. Gigi?*

REPORTER

*Thanks, Mike. I'm here at a downtown bar where a growing number of fans of the Heart Eyes Killer have gathered to throw the infamous killer a "welcome party" and perhaps more shockingly, celebrate his message.*

ANGLE ON: BAR TV (LIVE REPORT)

21 INT. IRISH PUB - SAME (NEWS REPORT)

21

Reporter Gigi stands in the middle of the crowded pub where most of the patrons don plastic HEART EYES MASKS in front of a **WELCOME HEART EYES!** BANNER. A drunken revelry.

Ally watches the story unfold with shame and disgust as the reporter shoves her microphone at someone -- the person pulls their mask up revealing a sneering GINGER GUY (ELI, late 20's).

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Why the masks? Don't you think it's crass to celebrate a serial killer?

ELI

You know what's more crass?  
Commodifying love. Rubbing your shitty PDA in our faces all over social.

A QUEER PATRON (20s) cranes their neck into frame.

QUEER PATRON

Also, Heart Eyes is a queer ally!  
He only kills straight couples I think. Iconic!

ELI

HEART EYES! HEART EYES! HEART EYES!

CROWD CHANTING

HEART EYES! HEART EYES! HEART EYES!

21A EXT. PARK CAFE - CITY VISTA - CONTINUOUS

21A

ALLY

I can't watch.

Ally takes out her phone and instinctively looks at HER EX COLLIN'S INSTA-STORIES. It's a picture of his new GIRLFRIEND POSING IN A SLINKY DRESS. Caption: "V-Day hijinx with this babe."

MONICA  
Ally. Hey ho!

Monica takes Ally's phone.

ALLY  
Gimme that.

MONICA  
Why torture yourself? You ended it.

ALLY  
I know but he moved on so fast.  
What is her job? Her entire feed is  
vacation pics and she doesn't even  
have rich parents. I checked. What?

Monica is glaring.

MONICA  
Girl. Stop hate fucking yourself  
and start actual-fucking someone  
else. Like the guy who got a nose  
you broke!

ALLY  
You mean the guy taking my job?

MONICA  
Shut up. He's not taking your job.  
(typing on Ally's phone)  
Jay. J-a-y- What's his last name--

ALLY  
Simmonds. S-i-m--

Monica types along with Ally.

ANGLE ON: Jay's INSTA PROFILE.

MONICA  
Sweet mother of god. I'm gonna  
throw up. He is *so hot*.

Monica flashes a picture of JAY in a SWIMSUIT.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
My basement just flooded.

ALLY  
He's okay.

MONICA

Okay?! man is a masterpiece. I  
wanna rub my dirty laundry on his  
abs.

ALLY

You're a fucking perv.

MONICA

You love it. Wait. What are you  
gonna wear? You can't go on a date  
in that.

Ally looks down at her clothes, a little hurt.

ALLY

It's not a date. It's work. And  
what's wrong with my clothes.

MONICA

Honey. You look like a before  
picture.

ALLY

Monica!

MONICA

This dinner. What kind of place?

ALLY

Fancy.

ON BAR TV: A BREAKING NEWS GRAPHIC wipes screen.

21B      **NEWS STUDIO**

21B

ANCHORMAN

*Breaking news. Our channel 7  
affiliate is now reporting that  
four more people have been found  
murdered at a downtown spa. We go  
live to the scene in Seattle.*

21C      **NEWS FOOTAGE - MASSAGE ROOM (CRIME SCENE)**

21C

A WHITE SHEET covering a BLOODY HAND on a gore-spattered  
FLOOR.

Below, a TICKER: **MORE MURDERS LINKED TO HEART EYES?**

BACK TO:

21D      **EXT. PARK CAFE - CITY VISTA - CONTINUOUS**

21D

Ally shudders.

ALLY

Okay maybe we don't go on a date.

MONICA

But it's not a date. You said so yourself. Come on.

ALLY

Where are we going?

MONICA

We're gonna go fuck up a credit card.

Monica grins, flashes Arthur's platinum.

22      **INT. FANCY DRESSING AREA - MONTAGE - NIGHT**

22

Monica and a STORE CLERK (30s, fabulous) watch as Ally tries on a myriad of insane looks in front of paneled mirrors:

- FIRST LOOK. Ally stands before Monica, spinning around in a BRIGHT RED wrap dress. Monica claps. Ally shakes her head.

- SECOND LOOK. Ally emerges wearing an ensemble mash up of *Romy & Michelle* meets *Clueless*. Monica loves. Ally does not.

- THIRD LOOK. Ally steps out in a floor-length gown made of what appears to be SARAN WRAP. Monica and the Store Clerk gasp with approval. Ally's face: What the actual fuck?

- FOURTH LOOK. Ally appears from a dressing room in a black number, straight out of *Pretty Woman* (you know, the one with the choker). Monica beams. Ally pulls at the choker, breaking it by accident. "*Oh shit, sorry!*" The Clerk rolls their eyes.

- FIFTH LOOK. Another insane BEJEWELED dress with a matching HEADDRESS. Monica jumps up and down, clapping. Ally hangs her head and mopes away...

*Then a quick succession of looks -- each look more over the top than the last, the music building to the famed chorus as we...*

**SMASH CUT TO:**

23

**INT. FANCY DRESSING AREA - NIGHT**

23

CLOSE: Monica and the Store Clerk. *Transfixed.*

MONICA

You.

STORE CLERK

Look.

MONICA

HOT AS SHIT!

REVEAL: Ally, wearing a BREATHTAKING ENSEMBLE. Think: the sexiest power suit you've ever seen.

ALLY

Yeah? This isn't my usual. Thing.  
What's the return policy?

MONICA

STORE CLERK

Just leave the tags on.

We don't have one.

Ally nods, pulls at her wedgie.

Monica leads Ally to a floor length MIRROR.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Girl. You have the most incredible  
time. Worst case scenario? He's a  
fuckboy and you get an STD.

ALLY

Worst case scenario, he's a serial  
killer and my head ends up on his  
shelf.

MONICA

Get some shared plates. Make eye  
contact. Turn on location tracking.  
And when you're done? Ride that  
hog. Slurp da sau-seege!

ALLY

Grow up.

MONICA

I want details!

ALLY

There won't be any! Love you!

MONICA

Love you!



Ally leaves Monica and the Store Clerk, staring, proud. They fist bump. The Clerk's bracelets are SO jangly.

Somewhere, we see a SET OF KEYS left behind...

24      **EXT. L'OIE - NIGHT**

24

An unassuming French bistro. But don't let the simple exterior fool you, they're serving a \$40 frisée inside.

Ally walks inside as a VALET assists a COUPLE with their car.

25      **INT. L'OIE - CONTINUOUS**

25

Ally enters. It's quaint, dark, and intimate. The kind of place you go to close a deal.

ALLY

Hi, reservation for Simmonds?

The Maitre'd motions for a BOUNCER (40s, gigantic). He scans Ally with a HANDHELD METAL DETECTOR.

ALLY (CONT'D)

What gives?

MAITRE'D

Heart Eyes. Can't be too careful.

The detector buzzes. The bouncer examines her bag. Pulls out her METAL STRAW.

ALLY

I'm environmentally conscious.

MOMENTS LATER - CORNER BOOTH

Ally sits anxious, stirring an ICED TEA, watching the front door like a hawk. She checks the time on her phone: **8:13pm.**

ALLY (CONT'D)

Sharp my ass.

Her gaze shifts to a COUPLE (30s), canoodling in an adjacent booth. They catch her staring. Ally looks away, embarrassed.

A WAITER approaches the table.

WAITER

Good evening, miss. Will anyone else be joining you?

ALLY

Yes. But just, a friend. A colleague. It's work. It's a work dinner.

WAITER

Well, I'll be back with the specials once your date arrives.

ALLY

He's not--

The waiter steps aside, revealing--

JAY, in the doorway, nose un-bandaged, looking fine as hell.

ALLY (CONT'D)

--my date.

*Ray Charles' "You Don't Know Me" plays as Jay spots Ally and starts toward her. Ally self-consciously fixes her hair. He plops down in his seat with a sigh.*

JAY

I'm so sorry. It was impossible to get a ride. Even drivers are playing it safe tonight, I guess. Okay, you look... transcendent.

ALLY

Thanks.

JAY

Also, I seriously had no idea the place was gonna be this nice. Good thing's Crystal's buying!

Is that Ally looking... let down by that comment?

WAITER

Welcome to L'oise. May I offer you a beverage?

JAY

When in Rome? Bottle of champagne, two glasses.

ALLY

What? No offense, dude, but we're working.

JAY

None taken. But, look around! Carpe diem. Good food. Good company.

ALLY  
You don't even know me.

JAY  
I'm about to. I hope. Where you  
from?

ALLY  
Phoenix.

JAY  
Really? You're so...

ALLY  
Pale?

JAY  
Wasn't gonna say it.

ALLY  
I spent my entire life wearing a  
thousand spf. I burn like bacon.

JAY  
(laughs)  
I like you already. Siblings?

ALLY  
Nope.

JAY  
Parents still married?

Ally hesitates.

ALLY  
Yup.

JAY  
That's awesome. I'd love to grow  
old with someone...

ALLY  
*...change their Depends.*

JAY  
Wasn't thinking about that but  
sure. I'd change an adult diaper in  
the name of love.

Ally gets lost in Jay's eyes, just for a second.

**POP!** The waiter kills the cork, startling them. Pours.

Jay raises a glass--

JAY (CONT'D)

To love.

ALLY

I'm good.

She drinks the whole glass in one gulp.

JAY

Oookay.

ALLY

Listen. This is all very cute and you're smooth, you are, but-- I'm just trying to salvage what's left of my career, so maybe we just skip whatever this is and get to cracking this campaign.

Jay blinks, lowers his glass. Ally pulls out her PHONE.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I have a couple ideas. Some suck but maybe there's a kernel of something in here--

JAY

You got your heart broken recently.

ALLY

What?

JAY

Sorry, I'm just pretty intuitive about these things. I'm right, right?

ALLY

Ew, yeah, no, I did not get my heart broken. Recently. And it's none of your business.

JAY

Of course.

ALLY

Cool. So, anyway, one idea--

JAY

It's just, your campaign. *Doomed* lovers? Hardly screams romance.

ALLY

The most romantic stories of all time are all *doomed*. That's the bittersweet inevitability of "love." Soulmates, twin flames, husbands, wives, partners. Eventually, it's all gonna end. It's just a matter of time before someone cheats, bails, or dies.

JAY

Jeez. What about butterflies in your stomach. A lazy Sunday in bed. Snuggling by a fire in a cozy cabin...

ALLY

What's next? *Birth charts and long walks on the beach?*

JAY

Go ahead. Show me what you got.

ALLY

You wanna know how I feel about romance? It's a farce. A lie. Not to everyone. Some people get lucky and stumble into something real and forever. But the other 99% of us just bounce from one failed experiment to the next, chasing the same regurgitated fairytale bullshit that's been stuffed into our brains since we were little. Prince Charming. Until you catch him fucking your sister.

JAY

Thought you were an only child.

ALLY

It's a metaphor. Jesus. My point is, it's not real. But hey, let's keep chasing that dream, right? Even if you beat the odds, find your soulmate, your forever person... one way or another, love's a losing game. And somehow I landed in a job that forces me to propagate a fantasy in order to sell blood diamonds harvested from third world slave labor so forgive me if I'm not *swept* away by your magical notions of romance.

JAY  
That's... wow. That's so--

ALLY  
What? Spit it out.

JAY  
Sad.

Now he's done it. Ally drinks, hurt. And when she's hurt--

ALLY  
Why are you single?

JAY  
Excuse me?

ALLY  
Really. Mr. Romantic, doe-eyed,  
first love Esther Perel mama's boy  
know-it-all. *Why are you single?*  
Are you really looking for love? Or  
are you just another fake ass ho  
hunting ankle cuff prick in a suit?

JAY  
Whoa! Okay--

ALLY  
You don't know me. And you don't  
get to cast judgment like that just  
because I don't think like you.  
Cool?

A deeply awkward silence. Ally sips the last of her iced tea.

Jay folds his napkin on the table and stands.

JAY  
You were right. It's not a good  
night for this. I shoulda let you  
clear your head.

He grabs a hundred from his wallet and drops it on the table.

JAY (CONT'D)  
For the champagne.

Jay exits. Ally looks ashamed. She pulls her metal straw and goes after him.

26

**EXT. L'OIE - NIGHT**

26

Jay steps outside -- orders a ride on his phone.

ALLY (O.S.)

Hey. Okay. You win. I'm sorry.

Jay turns - Ally approaches, buzzing with nerves:

JAY

Ally, seriously, it's alright.

ALLY

I've had a rough day. I took it out on you. That was wrong and shitty. I can't lose this--

Jay's RIDE SHARE pulls up.

JAY

Ally, I'm not gonna take your job. But with all due respect, I don't think you want it. This is me.

The sedan door opens and out steps ALLY'S BRITISH EX-BOYFRIEND, COLLIN. (We recognize him from her Insta search)

With Collin is his new girlfriend SIENNA (20's, Kiwi, very attractive in a slinky cocktail number).

In her shock and panic, Ally grabs Jay and pulls him in for a KISS!

WIDE: THEY KISS, framed by a HEART. We pull back further-- revealing we're in--

THE HEART EYES KILLER'S POV, through TWO HEART HOLES in the mask. He watches the kiss unfold from a driver's seat.

**OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT**

Jay and Ally still locked in the kiss as Collin interrupts:

COLLIN

Ally?

Ally pulls away, feigning surprise. Jay is shell-shocked.

ALLY

Collin? Oh my god. What are you doing here?

Collin double-takes Ally's new look, a bit shocked himself.

COLLIN

Uh- well, Sienna and I are having a little dinner date.

Ally and Sienna shake hands.

SIENNA

I've heard so much about you.

ALLY

Really?

Ally looks at Collin like: *What kinda shit have you told her?*

Collin laughs nervously. And then there's Jay, just standing on the sidelines watching the awkwardness unfold until--

SIENNA

And you're...?

JAY

Jay. Ally's...  
(looks at her pointedly)  
...boyfriend.

Ally looks shocked: *He's going along with this?*

COLLIN

I didn't know you had a boyfriend.

ALLY

Why would you? I don't publicize it on social media.

Collin ignores the dig. Offers his hand to Jay.

COLLIN

Nice to meet you, Jay.

They shake hands. Collin can barely hide his jealousy. Jay is def a step-up in the looks department.

JAY

You guys eating here?

COLLIN

Yeah. Was supposed to be a double date, but, unfortunately--

Collin does the "cut throat" thing with his thumb.

ALLY

Wh- what?



COLLIN

You know the couple that got murdered up at the winery? Patrick and Adeline.

JAY

Jesus, you knew them?

COLLIN

We worked together. Played racquetball. Tragic, really.

ALLY

So you still. Came.

JAY

And you still came. Right on.

COLLIN

In their honor, of course.

JAY

Well. Great meeting you both.

SIENNA

Sweet as. (to Ally) Sexy suit.

Jay and Ally disappear into the car. Collin watches them go.

HEART EYES POV: He clocks the car pulling away, and--

*He follows.*

27

**INT. JANOS' CAR - CONTINUOUS**

27

Even the rideshare is decorated for V-Day with plastic HEART LIGHTS fixed to the roof.

Ally and Jay sit in silence as Celine Dion's "Power of Love" plays: **"Cause I'm your laaaaady and you are my maaannnnn..."**

Ally finally glances at Jay.

ALLY

Thank you.

JAY

No problem.

(pause)

It's the accent, isn't it? Girls always fall for that accent.

ALLY

I can't stand it now. Brits are so unemotional. He was a little too *Keep Calm and Carry On*.

JAY

Explains the dead friend's resy.

Ally laughs. The driver, an older Hungarian man we'll call JANOS (60s, Eastern European), smiles in the rear view.

JANOS

Love is a beautiful thing.

ALLY

Oh. We're not a couple.

JAY

We just work together.

JANOS

But you just kiss, no?

JAY

Yeah, that was just a performance to make her seem both desirable and less pathetic in front of an ex-boyfriend.

ALLY

Can we add a stop please?

28 **EXT. ALLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

28

Janos' Car pulls up to Ally's cute Victorian row house.

28A **INT. JANOS' CAR - CONTINUOUS**

28A

Ally digs into her wallet and retrieves some cash -- offers it to Jay but he waves it away.

JAY

I'm expensing.

ALLY

Okay. Well, again... sorry about tonight. I swear I'm not a lunatic.

JAY

That's something a lunatic would say.

Ally laughs. *Sorta.*

ALLY

Hey. Enjoy your best friend's wedding.

JAY

Thanks.

Ally exits, approaches her building, digs through her purse and turns frantic.

ALLY  
Oh c'mooooon!

JAY  
Mind waiting a sec? Looks like she's locked out.

JANOS  
Go to her. Tell her you love her. And then, never let her go.

JAY  
Riiight. Keep the tab running.

JANOS  
Is your money.

29

**EXT. ALLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

29

Jay approaches Ally - exasperated, digging in her purse.

JAY (O.S.)  
Everything okay?

Ally turns to Jay. Suppressing excitement, best she can.

ALLY  
No, I'm pretty sure I left my keys in a dressing room. God, could this night get any worse?

**HEART EYES POV**

He watches Ally mope down her front steps.

**ALLY'S FRONT STEPS**

JAY  
You got a spare hidden?

ALLY  
Yeah, under the mat. Upstairs. Ugh. I'll just break the window.

JAY  
What? You're kidding.

ALLY  
It's fine. My landlord loves me.

Ally rears back to break the window. Jay stops her.

JAY

Whoa! Okay, if you're serious, at least let me do it.

ALLY

Don't with the chivalry. I can break a window.

JAY

I'm not saying you can't, but if you cut yourself I'll be sorry.

ALLY

I'm not gonna cut myself.

JAY

Okay, knock yourself out.

Ally winds up a punch and-- stops herself.

ALLY

Okay, fine, you do it.

Jay wraps his POCKET SQUARE around his fist and--

JAY

Here goes nothing.

PUNCHES the little window pane. A gentle CRACK.

ALLY

Not bad, right?

JAY

Yeah, not bad at ahh shit.

Jay holds up his hand. A DEEP, BLOODY GASH.

ALLY

Oh my god. Are you okay?!

JAY

I'm fine. It's not that bad.

It's bad. Ally looks away, suppressing vomit.

ALLY

Shit. C'mon. I've got a first aid kit.

Ally helps Jay inside her building, leaving the door open.

29A      **IN JANOS' CAR**

29A

Janos laughs as he watches the lovebirds struggle before returning his attention to his phone. He doesn't notice a BLACK BLUR slip past his car in the background.

30      **INT. ALLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

30

It's dark.

Ally leads Jay through the main door, leaving the door open.

ALLY

I'm so sorry. This is all my fault.  
Let me just--

JAY

Hey, don't be silly--

CLICK. A warm light flutters on as Ally leads Jay into the---

**BATHROOM**

She runs the sink, holding his hand under water.

ALLY

Here, you wash up for a sec.

Jay looks at Ally. Shoulder to shoulder, close. He smiles.

JAY

Thank you.

ALLY

Sorry, it's a little messy. My  
housekeeper won the lottery and  
fired me last week.

Ally leaves Jay in the bathroom and shuts the door. Then--

She starts darting around, shoving, stuffing and hiding loose articles of CLOTHING hanging from her unused PELOTON BIKE and leftover FOOD CONTAINERS as Jay finishes washing his gash.

She pulls a bra off of her PUNCH BAG (a "Century Bob XL").

JAY

Wow. Really? How much?

ALLY

Like a million dollars?

JAY

Jesus. Good for her. Hope you find  
a replacement... soon?

He shuts off the water and steps into the main space.

Ally doesn't hear him -- she's too busy pretending to look  
for the first aid kit while actually hiding the embarrassing  
flotsam and jetsam of her single-gal life.

Jay pauses at a wall of hanging PHOTOGRAPHS. Spots an old  
photo of Ally (age 11) dressed in a PIKACHU Halloween  
Costume. She wears a big smile and braces.

JAY (CONT'D)

Hey, I was Pikachu for Halloween.

ALLY

That wasn't Halloween.

JAY

What was it?

ALLY

Tuesday. I was a little obsessed.  
Wore that shit everywhere.

Ally rips the photo off the wall.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Anyway, don't look at that.

JAY

It's on your wall.

ALLY

I wasn't expecting company.

JAY

*Ever?*

ALLY

Look, you take a seat while I find  
the... elusive... first aid kit.

Jay looks: EVERY SEAT IS COVERED IN CLOTHES.

Ally finally locates the FIRST AID KIT beneath the sink.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Ta-daa!

She turns but Jay is gone.

31      **INT. ALLY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

31

Ally enters to see Jay SITTING ON THE BED.

ALLY  
Excuse you.

JAY  
I didn't wanna sit on your clothes.

Ally enters with the med kit, hyperaware of her room's state.

Ally sits next to him, dressing his wounded hand, trying not to look at the blood. She's doing a good job with the wrap.

JAY (CONT'D)  
You're good at this. What'd you go to med school or something?

ALLY  
Dropped out, actually. I, uh. Can't do blood.

JAY  
No way.

ALLY  
Way.

JAY  
Well, you're doing a really good job.

ALLY  
This is why we abandoned med school and pivoted to advertising.

Jay watches her, cracks up.

JAY  
You're funny.

ALLY  
Am I?

JAY  
Yeah. Thank you.

ALLY  
(both hands busy)  
Would you mind? Hair--

Jay gently pushes Ally's bangs from her eyesight.

Ally's gaze shifts. Her eyes go wide with horror...

ANGLE ON: ALLY'S VIBRATOR. Sitting on the nightstand.

JAY  
What kind of medicine were you  
planning to go into?

ALLY  
Uh... Nephrology.

JAY  
Liver?

ALLY  
Kidneys.

JAY  
Why that?

Ally searches, not yet ready to let this cat out of the bag.

ALLY  
A family member got sick. I guess I  
thought I could fix people. Y'know?

Jay clocks a couple of FRAMED PHOTOS on Ally's dresser - her  
PARENTS. And a separate one of her DAD.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Anyway, turns out, I'm hemophobic.

JAY  
Hm. I don't take you for a bigot.

ALLY  
Wow. Between that and "Coffee  
Mates" your dad jokes are top.  
Notch.

Ally stands, stealthily snatching the vibrator off the  
nightstand--

JAY  
And I don't even have any kids.

She moves to the closet and--

ALLY  
I'm being facetious, obviously.  
Your jokes are cheesy as--

--yanks the door open to toss it inside, revealing:



ALLY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

**THE HEART EYES KILLER!**

Ally screams! Throws the vibrator at his face! It bounces off of Heart Eyes and lands on the floor, BUZZING.

She shuts the door, but-- HEART EYES KICKS THE DOOR OPEN, knocking Ally back into the bed.

**THWIP!** An ARROW whistles TEARING ALLY'S SLEEVE - then ripping into the pillow behind her. An EXPLOSION OF FEATHERS.

Heart Eyes steps out -- reloading his CROSSBOW, when--

JAY TACKLES HIM INTO THE DRESSER.

Ally grabs the bedside lamp and SMASHES it against Heart Eyes's head. He stumbles backward and hits the wall.

ALLY (CONT'D)

RUN!

Ally and Jay bolt from the bedroom. Heart Eyes goes after them. Ally pulls the door shut behind her. Jay joins her, the duo fighting to keep the door shut.

Ally starts unbuckling Jay's belt, one-handed.

JAY

Uh. What are you doing?!

ALLY

Get your mind out of the gutter.

Ally pulls Jay's belt and ties the knob to an adjacent HOOK. Heart Eyes fights with the door but it only opens a crack. He's trapped.

JAY

Good job.

ALLY

Thanks.

JAY

You okay?

ALLY

Yeah. You?

JAY

Yeah.

A lingering moment between them.

*Sparks, even?*

Heart Eyes' KNIFE STABS THROUGH THE DOOR!

32

**EXT. ALLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

32

ANGLE ON: Ally and Jay barreling down the front steps, toward Janos's car through the backseat passenger window.

DOLLY LEFT to JANOS.

JANOS  
Well, well! Is lovebirds!

ALLY  
He's trying to kill us!

JANOS  
What? Who?

**CRACK!** BLOOD BLASTS THE WINDOW, CAMERA SIDE.

REVERSE: An ARROW juts from Janos's head!

JAY  
Oh, fuck. BEHIND YOU!

Ally whirls to see--

Heart Eyes, RELOADING HIS CROSSBOW--

ALLY  
HEY!

Ally approaches the killer (dangerously close), furious.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
YOU GOT THE WRONG PEOPLE!

JAY  
What are you doing?!

ALLY  
He kills couples, right?! WE'RE NOT  
A COUPLE! WE BARELY KNOW EACH  
OTHER! SO BACK. THE FUCK. OFF!

Heart Eyes lowers his weapon, cocks his head.

*Did that work?*

(Nope)

Heart Eyes raises the crossbow, and FIRES.

An arrow sails past them, SNAPPING THE PHONE FROM JAY'S HAND.

JAY  
MOTHER FUCKER!

ALLY  
Well fuck you, then.

POV TREES / PARK: Jay and Ally RUN TOWARD PARK BRUSH,  
blasting through a WALL OF SEWER GRATE SMOKE.

35

**INT. WINTER GARDEN - BRICK HALL - CONTINUOUS**

35

Ally and Jay run through a BRICK HALL, raked by moonlight.

Jay motions to keep moving. They stop, breathless.

ALLY  
Shh.

JAY  
What?

ALLY  
I thought I heard something.

Just ahead - a billowing PLASTIC TARP and CONSTRUCTION CONES.

JAY  
I think we're good.

**HEART EYES EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS.** Eat it, Michael Myers.

He GRABS ALLY BY THE THROAT WITH BOTH HANDS. She kicks--

JAY (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck off her!

Jay thinks fast, grabbing a CONSTRUCTION CONE. He swings it--

**WHACK!** Hits Heart Eyes' back. He drops Ally. She falls to the ground, coughing, catching her breath, as--

Heart Eyes unsheathes his machete and SWINGS IT AT JAY,  
SLICING HIS SHIRT. In the melee, Jay loses his footing, and--

FALLS DOWN THE STAIRS.

ALLY

JAY! NO!

Heart Eyes is split between Jay and Ally. But in her panic--  
Ally BOLTS... leaving him behind.

JAY'S POV: a BLURRY image of Heart Eyes looming over him.

He's dazed. Injured. Easy prey.

He turns - goes after Ally.

36      **EXT. ATRIUM / WINTER GARDEN COURTYARD - NIGHT**

36

Ally sprints through the creepy atrium, raked with MOONLIGHT,  
before landing at a dark and empty--

36A      **EXT. PLAYGROUND / CAROUSEL - CONTINUOUS**

36A

She stops, breathless - scanning a SWING-SET and a CREEPY  
MERRY GO-ROUND

*FOOTSTEPS. HE'S COMING.*

Freaked, Ally runs toward the sentinel horses. Then--

Heart Eyes emerges from the dark. Stops. Scans.

HEAR: Heavy breathing. He holsters his crossbow.

**ON THE CAROUSEL**

Ally hides, tucked tight behind a lacquered carriage.

She hears something. A faint SQUEAKING. *The fuck is that?*

POV ALLY: Heart Eyes is gently swaying back and forth on a  
nearby SWING. His back is to Ally. *Is he fucking with her?*

Ally tucks back behind a horse. She can't see him anymore --  
all she can hear is the slow, rhythmic **SQUEAK-SQUEAK-SQUEAK**  
of the swing.

Then--THE SQUEAKING STOPS.

*Oh shit.*

Ally peeks back around to see-- HEART EYES IS GONE. Then--

**THE CAROUSEL ROARS TO LIFE.**

An organ rendition of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" BLARES, as-  
Ally SPINS IN PLACE. She can no longer hide.

ALLY  
Oh fuck. Oh no.

Ally tries like hell to stay put, but it's futile.

ANGLE ON: The carousel LEVER. Heart Eyes' glove FLOORS IT.

**CAROUSEL**

Ally falls, sliding.

ALLY'S POV: Empty woods, spinning. Faster.

She tries to get up, but the ground won't let her.

ALLY'S POV: As the world spins, HEART EYES, watching her.

*Waving? Enjoying the show?*

ALLY'S POV: Spinning. Heart Eyes is no longer there.

She grabs what she can. Pulls herself up, and finds herself  
face to face with--

A UNICORN. She holds him tight. Then--

**SMASH!** The unicorn's head EXPLODES in fiberglass dust.

Ally dodges just in time, stumbling backward into a lower  
seat. A sea shell. Heart Eyes turns toward her. He raises his  
knife, goes to slice at her legs, but--

Ally SPREADS HER LEGS, and-- Heart Eyes brings the knife down  
between her legs, sending up SPARKS on the platform.

In a split second she KICKS HIM IN THE FACE, and--

HEART EYES FALLS BACK ONTO THE GROUND WITH BRUTAL FORCE.

Ally laughs. Verge of euphoria. And barfing. Will he be there  
when the world spins around again?

Ally LEAPS off the platform, stumbling onto THE GRASS.

She goes to stand but can't. She's DIZZY, STUMBLING.

ALLY'S POV: She turns back. Vision wild. Woozy.

HEART EYES is coming toward her. On steadier legs.

He pulls his long, awful blade. *It's over.*

**SIRENS!** FLASHING GUM-BALL LIGHTS.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Help. HELP. HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!

Ally scrambles to her feet and runs toward the SEATTLE PD POLICE CRUISERS-- waving her arms, screaming--

Two COPS (KRUEGER and GARRIS) run toward her, guns drawn.

KRUEGER

Where?!

ALLY

Right--

Ally turns back. Heart Eyes is gone.

ALLY (CONT'D)

There.

GARRIS

I'll check it out.

She runs to investigate.

ALLY

Oh my god. Jay! Is he okay?!

KRUEGER

Ma'am, I don't know who you're talking about.

ALLY

Jay Simmonds! He was with me. We got attacked-- He fell!

KRUEGER

You just left him?

Caught off guard and guilty as hell, Ally stammers:

ALLY

No! I-- he-- I didn't--

KRUEGER's radio crackles. HEAR another OFFICER:

OFFICER (V.O.)

Suspect has been apprehended. All units return to base. We have Heart Eyes.

The WALKIES EXPLODE with screaming cheers. Cops are thrilled.

KRUEGER  
YES! WE GOT THAT MOTHERFUCKER!  
Seattle PD, baby! FUCK yes.

CLOSE: A HEART EYES MASK. A homemade one.

GARRIS (O.S.)  
Move it, weirdo. Show's over.

37

**EXT. PARK (NEAR CAROUSEL) - NIGHT**

37

Flashing POLICE LIGHTS. NEWS VANS and LOOKY-LOOS crowd the sidewalk, including the HEART EYES FAN in the homemade mask, shoo'd off from the POLICE PERIMETER.

HEAR the crowd, buzzing: *"For real?" "They got the real Heart Eyes?" "The REAL one?!"* etc.

**THE BACK OF AN AMBULANCE**

Ally sits, a blanket wrapped around her - power suit torn and filthy. KRUEGER approaches.

KRUEGER  
Here she is, detectives.

HOBBS and SHAW approach. Hobbs offers his hand first.

HOBBS  
Detective Zeke Hobbs. This is my partner, Detective Jeanine Shaw.

Ally shakes both their hands as it clicks:

ALLY  
Wait. *Hobbs and Shaw?* What-- like the movie?

SHAW  
Haven't seen it.

HOBBS  
Haven't heard of it.

ALLY  
Are you guys fucking with me?

HOBBS  
Ma'am. We're trying to ID a killer-

Ally spots a POLICE CRUISER. In the backseat:

ALLY  
Jay!

Ally runs to the cruiser -- leans down, raps on the glass.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Thank god you're okay!

JAY  
Thanks for ditching me.

ALLY  
What? I didn't *ditch* you!

JAY  
100% ditched.

ALLY  
Hey! I got chased by a fucking  
serial killer!

JAY  
You got chased by a-- So did I!

ALLY  
You're tall and ripped! You seem  
perfectly capable of defending  
yourself!

JAY  
Whatever. I thought we were a team.

Ally's speechless. Hobbs and Shaw flank her.

ALLY  
Guys. Please. He isn't the killer.  
We were together all night. Heart  
Eyes was after both of us.

HOBBS  
We found this man in the park  
wearing this. And in possession of  
this.

Hobbs holds up the (real) HEART EYES MASK and CROSSBOW.

ALLY  
What. That's impossible. Jay didn't  
do this.

SHAW  
Maybe. And maybe Jay wasn't acting  
alone.

ALLY  
What?



HOBBS

We're gonna have to bring your  
tall, ripped friend in for  
questioning.

Cop #1 leads Ally back toward his cruiser. She glances back  
just in time to see the cruiser driving away.

WIDE: Jay, glaring at Ally through the back windshield.

38

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

38

Hobbs and Shaw sit on one side of a metal table. Jay sits on  
the other, one wrist cuffed to it. Jay holds an EVIDENCE BAG  
with the WEDDING BAND inside.

JAY

I can't read the inscription.

HOBBS

Let me help you out. It says J.S.  
As in *Jay Simmonds*.

JAY

Wow. This is some stellar police  
work. You got me.

HOBBS

Is that sarcasm?

JAY

A, I'm not married, and B, even if  
I was, why the fuck would I leave  
my wedding band at a crime scene?  
Also. C. Who gets their own  
initials engraved in their own  
fucking wedding band? And D, yes,  
that was sarcasm.

Hobbs LUNGES at Jay, but Shaw grabs him.

SHAW

Whoa-whoa! Cool down! Take five,  
Hobbs.

Hobbs kicks his chair back and exits the room.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. He can get a  
little hot under the collar.

JAY

No shit.

SHAW

You need anything? Water? Coffee?

JAY

I'm alright. Thanks.

They lock eyes. Shaw smiles.

SHAW

Alright. Just you and me. I want you to look me in the eyes, and tell me the truth.

JAY

Alright.

He looks her in the eyes, and briefly down her shirt. He can't help it -- it's open one button too many. *Technique?*

SHAW

How long have you known Ally?

JAY

Fourteen hours?

Shaw chuckles.

SHAW

No, for real.

JAY

For real.

SHAW

Really. You just met?

JAY

We just met.

SHAW

I thought for sure you two were together.

JAY

Why's that?

SHAW

You seem to care about her.

JAY

Maybe I do.

Shaw hangs a long glance on Jay. Then--

SHAW

Huh. So, this ring. It's not yours.  
Correct?

JAY

Again. I'm not married.

SHAW

You're not married.

JAY

Not by choice or anything, I just  
haven't found the right person.

SHAW

You're telling me.

Charged silence between these two. Jay blushes.

JAY

Really? You're--

SHAW

Single. Shocker.

JAY

I mean, kind of. You're so--

SHAW

(fishing)

Messy and undesirable? I'm kidding.

JAY

No, I was going to say.  
Professional. And put together.

Shaw turns bright red, trying so hard not to smile. She  
clears her throat, composing herself.

SHAW

Alrighty. Um. Where was I.

*Is this a thing?!*

39

**INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT DESK - NIGHT**

39

Ally stands, bitching out FRAN, a bored front desk cop (40's,  
redhead, more interested in her CROSSWORD than Ally).

ALLY

Lady, I've been sitting here for  
over an hour!

FRAN

First of all, it's "officer."  
Second, I already told you they're  
interrogating the suspect.

ALLY

And I told you they're  
interrogating the wrong guy! Can  
you please just go back there and  
get some kind of update?

A random I.T. DUDE (30's, nerdy but scruffy-cute) pops up  
from behind the desk next to our cop, startling Ally.

I.T. DUDE

Sorry, Fran. Ethernet cable was all  
frayed. Should be working now.

FRAN

Thanks, David. (to puzzle) What's a  
five letter word for a dog that  
ends in "H"?

ALLY

Bitch.

FRAN

Excuse me?

ALLY

(re: puzzle)  
Female dog.

FRAN

Oh. Thanks.

ALLY

You're welcome. So... can you go  
check for me now? Please?

Fran takes a long beat to consider. She puts her puzzle down.

FRAN

Fine...

Fran disappears into the bullpen just as David the I.T. Dude  
returns with his bag. He's half way to the exit when he  
clocks Ally and stops.

DAVID (THE I.T. DUDE)

I'm sorry. Do we know each other?

ALLY

Don't think so.

DAVID (THE I.T. DUDE)  
You look so familiar. Bumble?

ALLY  
Yeah, no. I'm off the apps.

DAVID (THE I.T. DUDE)  
You're not missing much. (beat)  
Hey, would you want to grab a  
coffee sometime?

ALLY  
Dude, I almost got murdered  
tonight.

DAVID (THE I.T. DUDE)  
Of course. Sorry. G'nite.

Stung, I.T. Dude heads to the exit.

ALLY  
The hell is everybody.

I.T. Dude stops in the doorway, turns back with a grin:

DAVID (THE I.T. DUDE)  
Celebrating. They caught Heart  
Eyes.

He smiles and leaves. Ally sulks, alone in the empty lobby.

The silence is unnerving. She peeks behind Fran's desk, sees:

INSERT: A ROW of SECURITY MONITORS. One has a view of the  
INTERROGATION ROOM with Jay and Shaw.

Ally leans-in and watches as Shaw removes her jacket and sits  
on the table close to Jay. She crosses her legs, laughing.

ALLY  
Ho-ly ho-bag. Are you kidding me?

40

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME**

40

Shaw settles in close to Jay.

SHAW  
So... what else you wanna tell me?

JAY  
Well, I'm not a killer. So, there's  
that.

He laughs. She laughs, too.

Shaw turns to grab his FILE off the table. Her breasts are in perfect profile. Jay swallows a lump in his throat.

SHAW

Were you in Boston in February of '23 and Philly in '24?

JAY

I--

SHAW

Lemme rephrase. You were in Boston and Philly. Same times and locations as HEK's two prior killing sprees. Jay, I gotta admit. That's a little suspicious.

JAY

What the fuck do you want me to say? I'm a freelancer. I travel for work.

SHAW

Do you get lonely out on the road?

JAY

I keep myself busy.

SHAW

Yeah? *How?* How do you let off steam when you're alone with your thoughts, Jay?

Shaw leans in, *close*. Jay freezes up.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Maybe you go to a vineyard... Then a spa...

***Knock knock knock.*** It's Fran.

FRAN

Detective, we got an H.W.W. out front. What do you want me to do with her?

JAY

What's an H.W.W.?

FRAN

Hysterical white woman.

SHAW

Hysterical white woman.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
I'll deal with her. (to Jay) Sit  
tight. We're not done yet.

Shaw exits leaving Jay handcuffed to the table, alone.

41 INT. RECEPTION - SECONDS LATER

41

Ally is watching the monitors when--

A DOOR CREAKS. She sits up, and clocks--

A UTILITY CLOSET -- the door is slightly ajar.

ALLY  
Hello?

The door creaks a little more, Ally's heart thumping. She looks around for a weapon but all she sees is the AMERICAN FLAG. She pulls it from its base and approaches the closet.

ALLY'S POV: the door slit. *Is that a FACE in the dark?*

Ally slowly reaches for the handle.

FRAN (O.S.)  
What the hell are you doing?

Ally YELPS, swinging around to face Shaw and Fran, caught holding the flag. Embarrassed, she waves it:

ALLY  
God... bless the U.S.A.

She quickly returns the flag to its stand.

FRAN  
(to Shaw)  
*Toldja.*

Ally approaches Shaw.

ALLY  
Are you letting him go?

SHAW  
Not yet.

ALLY  
Why the hell not? He's innocent.

SHAW

So tell me something then. Why's the Heart Eyes Killer after you? You're not a couple. Doesn't add up.

ALLY

I kissed him tonight. I think the killer saw us and assumed we were together.

SHAW

But you still kissed him.

ALLY

I had to.

SHAW

Why?

ALLY

I... saw my ex and I wanted to make him jealous. I know! It was stupid.

SHAW

Hey, no, I mean. I get it. I do.

Shaw saunters over to a VENDING MACHINE, pops in a coin.

SHAW (CONT'D)

So... you're not interested in him? Romantically?

ALLY

Why's that relevant?

SHAW

Just girl talk. He's cute. Good job. Perfect candidate for a nice, little girl like yourself.

ALLY

Basic?

Ally sizes up her competition with a steely gaze.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Are you single, detective?

A soda tumbles loudly into the bin. Shaw retrieves it.

SHAW

Hopelessly.



Shaw pops the soda with a crispy *SNAP*.

**THE POWER GOES OUT IN THE STATION.** It's dark as hell.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
It's alright. It's probably just  
the breaker.

ALLY  
That's what someone says before  
they get stabbed to death.

SHAW  
How would you know?

Ally shrugs. Shaw turns to Fran:

SHAW (CONT'D)  
Stay with her.

Shaw pulls her gun, leaves.

Fran walks away from her. Ally follows. Closely.

ALLY  
You're supposed to stay with me.

FRAN  
Calm down. I'm just getting a  
flashlight.

She rifles through cabinets, Ally pressed against her.

FRAN (CONT'D)  
Little space? If you were any  
closer you'd be inside me.

ALLY  
Sorry. I'm scared.

FRAN  
Hell is it...

Fran crosses the room to the utility closet.

ALLY  
Careful!

FRAN  
What?

ALLY  
He hides in closets.

Fran rolls her eyes and yanks the door open. Ally braces.

Fran reaches into the dark and pulls a FLASHLIGHT. *CLICK*. She shines it into the space, illuminating tall stacks of boxes.

FRAN

No killers in here.

Fran shuts the door. Heart Eyes is right there. Before she can react, he--

SPEARS the AMERICAN FLAG through her back, lifting her off the ground.

ALLY SCREAMS, falls back, losing her footing in the dark.

The flashlight drops in the blood pooling under her feet.

Heart Eyes drops the cop's corpse as--

Ally eyes the flashlight. She DIVES for it--

HEART EYES CRUSHES IT UNDER HIS BOOT, killing all light.

Heart Eyes brings a hand to his mask.

**TKK.** His heart-shaped eyes LIGHT UP RED.

HEART EYES POV: Our killer sees Ally in fucking **NIGHT VISION!**

HEART EYES POV: We live in this awesome PINK Buffalo Bill NV world as Heart Eyes approaches ALLY on the floor, crawling backwards, a BALL OF HEAT in his eyes. She stands, and RUNS--

We remain in his POV, Heart Eyes swinging his gaze in a pink blur--

**WHAM!** Ally WHEELS A GARBAGE BIN into Heart Eyes. He topples backward into Fran's desk. This buys her precious seconds.

42

**INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

42

Ally screams through the double doors. The overhead lights faintly BUZZ and FLICKER in between bouts of absolute dark.

Then-- YELLOW GENERATOR LIGHTS POWER ON, as--

Ally CAREENS into Shaw, wielding her GUN and a FLASHLIGHT.

SHAW

Whoa! What happened?!

ALLY  
He's here!

SHAW  
Who?

**WHAM.** SLOW MOTION. Heart Eyes kicks through the hallway door, his eyes GLOWING RED.

Shaw trains her pistol, pulling Ally behind her:

SHAW (CONT'D)  
Get out of here! Now!

Ally SPRINTS as Shaw OPENS FIRE.

43      **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME**

43

The room is AWASH IN YELLOW GENERATOR LIGHT.

Jay and Hobbs hear gunshots. Hobbs leaps to the door.

JAY  
Wait! Un-cuff me, man!

HOBBS  
Don't worry. I'll protect you, man.

Hobbs turns back to Jay and offers a douchey GRIN, then--

Rushes out the door. Jay tries to break free but the desk is bolted to the floor.

44      **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

44

A GUN crests the corner. It's Hobbs, slow, ready.

He hears something. Footsteps in the dark. He turns--

POV HEART EYES: **NIGHT VISION of HOBBS.** He turns, and--

*AN AWFUL WET CRUNCH.* Hobbs looks down in horror.

Heart Eyes' sword-like knife is WEDGED BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

Heart Eyes pulls it, and SLICES AT "US" (Hobbs' shocked face).

45           **INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME**

45

Ally enters the room and locks the door. She hears Hobbs' muffled SCREAMS down the hallway.

A figure is standing behind Ally. She screams, turns--

IT'S JAY! In the interrogation room - awash in YELLOW LIGHT.

ALLY

Jay!?

She pounds on the glass. It's a TWO-WAY MIRROR.

Jay faces her direction.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Can you hear me?!

He can't. Ally looks around and discovers a nearby INTERCOM.

46           **INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME**

46

As Ally's voice booms over the speaker:

ALLY

*Jay! Can you hear me?*

JAY

Ally! Yes! Get me out of here! I'm handcuffed to this table! Hobbs locked me in here like a fucking asshole!

POV: OBSERVATION ROOM - Ally's gone.

JAY (CONT'D)

Ally? Did you seriously ditch me again?!

47           **INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

47

Ally cautiously enters the hallway.

She spots a TRAIL OF BLOOD, leading to--

HOBBS, a NASTY GASH on his face and a pool of blood blooming from his crotch.

Ally rushes to his side finds his KEYS and his GUN.

**HOBBS COMES BACK TO LIFE and GRABS HER ARM! Ally YELPS!**

Then, he expires. Dead. *Phew.*

48

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

48

**THE POWER ROARS BACK**, FLUORESCENTS BUZZ and FLICKER ABOVE.

Under the eerie buzz and blinks, Jay hears a--

**CLICK.** Keys in the door.

JAY

Yes! Ally--

It's not Ally. It's Heart Eyes. *He's trapped. Fuck.*

Heart Eyes slinks into the room presenting his gnarly KNIFE.

*He's toying with Jay.*

JAY (CONT'D)

Please don't.

Heart Eyes lunges -- Jay pivots as far as the handcuffs allow, narrowly missing the blade as it hits the tabletop.

Another lunge -- Jay swings his chair, blocks the attack.

Heart Eyes grabs the chair, yanks it away. Nowhere to hide.

**BAM-CRACKkk.** Heart Eyes and Jay swing their gaze to--

THE TWO WAY MIRROR. Another **BAM.** The glass COBWEBS. And--

**BAM!** SHATTERS. Ally enters the room, gun trained right at Heart Eyes.

ALLY

I won't miss this time.

**BANG!** Ally SHOOTs... and misses Heart Eyes. Terribly.

He's GONE.

Ally runs to Jay's side. As she unlocks his handcuffs:

JAY

You're a terrible shot.

ALLY

Don't fucking push it, Romeo.

They run out of the room.

49

**INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

49

FLOURESCENTS FLICKERING.

Ally and Jay run for the exit and stop, discovering--  
Shaw's body, facedown in her own blood.

ALLY  
Hobbs and Shaw?

JAY  
I love that movie.

A BLOODY HAND grabs Jay's ankle, scaring the shit out of him.

SHAW  
(to Jay)  
Get th- that sonofabitch...

BOOM! Another door opens. It's Heart Eyes.

They both rush for the exit.

Heart Eyes considers Shaw: *should he finish her off?*

HEART EYES dips his hands into a pool of blood, and--  
SMEARS THE BLOOD ON SHAW'S MOUTH - then, on the MASK LIPS.  
She shakes. Wide-eyed.

50

**EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

50

Ally and Jay rocket out of the station, lights flickering inside.

Ally spots an approaching TRUCK -- runs into the road trying to flag it.

ALLY  
Help us! Please!

The truck doesn't stop. At the last second, Jay TACKLES her out of the way, narrowly missing the truck.

LOW PROFILE: Ally and Jay rolling toward us, breathless.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
You saved my life.

JAY  
(moving closer to Ally)  
You saved mine... I owed you one...

ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS. They're about to kiss, when--  
Heart Eyes appears outside the station, FRAMED BETWEEN THEM.

ALLY  
WE'RE NOT TOGETHER!

JAY  
GO KILL SOMEONE ELSE!

Jay yanks Ally away, pulling her down the darkened street.

51      **EXT. POP-UP DRIVE IN (SILO PARK PARKING LOT) - NIGHT**      51

Ally and Jay run, landing in front of:

A bustling Seattle drive-in. String lights. Happy COUPLES lined up at various FOOD TRUCKS. Plumes of grill smoke.

ON SCREEN: *WHEN HARRY MET SALLY* (ideally). The perfect movie for couples on *the night* for couples.

ALLY  
Fuck. Do you have any idea what we've done?

JAY  
We just led a couples-killing maniac--

ALLY  
--to an all-you-can-kill buffet.

Jay pulls Ally past lines of COUPLES - some parked in several LINES OF CARS, some in CAMPING CHAIRS. Then--

A COUPLE CLOCKS something suspicious. We rack to:

HEART EYES, his freaky profile eclipsing the image.

#### **ROW OF CARS**

Ally and Jay weave through cars like skittering mice, until--

Ally spots a BEATER VAN at the FRONT that appears empty.

She tries the handle. To her shock, the door pops open.

ALLY (CONT'D)

In here!

Ally slides in. Jay climbs in after her and gently shuts the door. *Safe!*

52 INT. BEATER VAN - CONTINUOUS

52

Staying low, Ally and Jay tuck into the footwells.

ALLY

Jay.

JAY

Hm?

ALLY

Why are the windows foggy?

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

*Who's there?*

A BURNER COUPLE - SAMM (20s, female) and JORDYN (20s, male) peeks over the seats. Samm wears Jordyn's gross flannel, which barely covers her breasts. Jordyn's got pecs (and hemp necklaces) for days.

ALLY

Shut up. And put a shirt on. We're hiding from a killer.

Samm and Jordyn blink, clueless.

JAY

The Heart Eyes Killer? He's out there right now. We have to stay quiet.

JORDYN

Oh, no. Oh, fuck. (beat) That's hot.

SAMM

We love role play.

ALLY

Uhh, no. That's not what this is--

JAY

Can we use your phone, please?

JORDYN

Oh, baby. You're so wet.



SAMM  
You're so hard.

ALLY  
We're so dead.

They fall back behind the seats, really getting it on now.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
We can't stay here.

FOOTSTEPS. Ally and Jay hold their breath, looking up.

ALLY'S POV: Heart Eyes' shadow passes the window. He STOPS.

Then-- miraculously-- he moves on. They sigh, relieved.

Ally rubs a foggy patch of glass beside her. Peers outside but there's no sign of Heart Eyes.

JAY  
That was close.

Jay rubs the front windshield, revealing the MOVIE SCREEN. Harry and Sally are in the diner -- starting one of the most iconic scenes in Rom-Com history.

JAY (CONT'D)  
Let's just wait it out in here for a sec.

Ally shoots Jay a look, like "Are you serious." Jay nods, reassuring her.

They start to watch the movie. Silence, except--

MOANS and WET SUCKING SOUNDS. Ally rolls her eyes: Gross.

Jay turns the movie's VOLUME UP on the radio. The sweet sounds of Billy and Meg...

ALLY  
I actually like this movie.

JAY  
You? Really?

ALLY  
Yes. Me. Surprised?

JAY  
Yeah, a little.

ALLY

Well, tonight has been full of surprises, hasn't it?

Jay forces a smile. Samm and Jordyn keep going at it. Ally and Jay watch more of the movie. A tense silence, then--

ALLY (CONT'D)

I did ditch you.

Jay looks at her, kinda caught off guard by the truth.

ALLY (CONT'D)

I'm awful.

JAY

I didn't say that.

ALLY

You're thinking it.

Ally sighs -- her gaze drifting elsewhere... *the past.*

ALLY (CONT'D)

It's what I'm good at. I run. Collin, my ex?

JAY

The douche Brit who broke your heart?

ALLY

Uh, not quite. I dumped him. And I didn't even do it in person. I sent him a text.

JAY

Then why did you even care when we ran into him?

ALLY

That's the worst part. Shit gets too real and-- I ghost. Then I get upset when people move on. I'm a fucking mess.

Jay looks at her with a sympathetic gaze -- he knows it took courage to admit all that. But Ally turns away. Ashamed.

JAY

When I was a kid my parents hated each other. Fought all the time. Constantly. It was bad. They got divorced when I was eleven.

(MORE)

**JAY (CONT'D)**

That's why I'm a dumb romantic. I put every girl I fall for on a pedestal only to get my heart broken over and over because they can't breathe in my suffocating mission to prove my parents wrong. You're so lucky your parents are still together.

**ALLY**

Well... I wasn't entirely honest at dinner. My parents had this, like, storybook romance. They were perfect together. Then my dad died. My mom never recovered. Like a piece of her died with him. And ever since, she's just been existing, not really living.

**JAY**

I'm so sorry.

**ALLY**

It's cool. God, we're fucked up.

**JAY**

We are, aren't we.

**ALLY**

This should be like the worst night of my life, but it kind of.. isn't?

Jay brushes Ally's hair from her forehead.

**JAY**

Ditto.

Their eyes meet. Both truly seeing each other for the first time. And, holy fuck... the SPARK is there.

And then, the gravitational pull...

They lean in, close. Closer.

They're going to kiss!

HEAR: SEX SOUNDS.

In the back, Samm and Jordyn are getting HOTTER and HEAVIER, just as--

MEG RYAN's famous orgasm scene is heating up on screen.

And then, it starts. Ally and Jay get the GIGGLES. They can't help it. This situation is just too fucking ridiculous.

They try shushing each other, but it's just coals on the fire.

It's cute as hell.

SAMM (O.S.)  
OHHH GOD! Ohh fuck!

JORDYN  
Sam, I'm coming! I'M COMING!

Ally and Jay's laughter is eclipsed by a wave of dread.

ALLY  
Hey. Keep it down. Guys--

SAMM  
OH NOOOO FUUUUCCKKKK!

JAY  
Seriously, cut it out!

JORDYN  
SAMM I'M COMING! I'M COMING!!!

Just as they climax together, the back door SWINGS OPEN, and--

Jordyn falls backwards, looking up to see--

HEART EYES! He pulls an old TIRE IRON from the wheel well and--

**FWAK!** DRIVES IT THROUGH JORDYN'S OPEN MOUTH!

Blood SPRAYS across Samm's chest. She SCREAMS, 'til--

Heart Eyes grabs her head and pulls her DOWN--

IMPALING HER ON THE TIRE IRON jutting from Jordyn's mouth.

Heart Eyes LIFTS SAMM by her hair, FRAMING a horrified ALLY AND JAY through the GAPING WOUND in the back of her throat.

Ally and Jay FLEE THE VAN, as--

Heart Eyes tosses Samm's body to the ground.

OLD LADY  
(in the movie)  
*"I'll have what she's having."*

53

**EXT. DRIVE-IN / VAN - CONTINUOUS**

53

ANGLE ON: Samm's corpse hitting the pavement.

TILT UP: a MOVIE GOER (30s) holding a heap of food and drinks stops sharp, clocking the corpse at their feet.

They drop their concessions and SHRIEK! Prompting--

Their partner - MOVIE GOER 2 (Male, 30s) - to crane his neck out of his Jeep. His eyes go wide at the nightmare ahead.

MOVIE GOER 2

Ho-ly shit. HELP! SOMEONE CALL 911!

Heart Eyes spins around at the ensuing domino effect of panic infecting the crowd. And when we say panic, we mean...

**P A N I C.**

A chorus of terrified voices grow in stereo:

**"IS THAT HIM?!" "THAT'S HEART EYES!" "HE FUCKING KILLED SOMEBODY!" "RUN!"**

Then: SCREAMS. Full on JAWS-at-the-beach roaring horror.

TOP SHOT: the furious CROWD runs through the MAZE OF CARS.

A FRENZIED WOMAN dives over the hood of one car, knocking FRENZIED BYSTANDERS into another.

A BEEFY GUY and his BEEFY GIRLFRIEND start their vehicle and GUN IT, flooring it backwards all of 5 feet into another car.

It's futile. They're trapped. They're all trapped.

**AT THE FRONT OF THE DRIVE-IN**

Ally and Jay run with the crowd, towards us. Ally slows.

JAY

What are you doing?!

ALLY

Wait--

JAY

For what? He's gonna kill us!

ALLY

And if he doesn't kill us, he's gonna kill someone else. We led him here. We end it here.

Jay pauses, calculating, when a SCREAM cuts through chaos. Ally and Jay swing their gaze across the lot to:

A SEDAN. Two PANICKED TEENS (16, two of the girls from the newscast earlier) locking the doors, rolling up windows.

Heart Eyes surveys the YOUNG COUPLE... He can't resist.

Jay grabs Ally's hand and they start towards them.

If *Dirty Dancing* were playing on the big screen, "*I've Had The Time of My Life*" would be heating up right about now, floating out of 50 car radios.

We're treated to the epic trailer-worthy shot of:

Ally and Jay - our heroes - walking AGAINST THE PANICKED STAMPEDE toward certain doom.

#### **HEART EYES AT THE SEDAN**

Heart Eyes pulls his bowie knife, SCRAPING THE GLASS, teasing the frightened, crying teens inside.

ALLY (CONT'D)

HEY FUCK EYES! Over here!

Heart Eyes whirls in Ally's direction, then starts--

CHARGING TOWARD HER. BUT--

**WHACK!** A CAR DOOR opens, knocking HEART EYES back. It's--

A BRAVE GUY (40s) and his BRAVE HUSBAND (40s) next to him.

BRAVE GUY

Get out of our city, asshole!

Heart Eyes goes to stab the Brave Guy, who SHUTS THE DOOR just in time. Heart Eyes' machete slices the door, SPARKING.

#### **AT THE BEATER VAN**

Ally and Jay land in front of Jordyn's dead body.

JAY

We need a weapon.

ALLY  
I have this.

She holds up her METAL STRAW.

JAY  
That's not a weapon.

They both look to the TIRE IRON still jetting from Jordyn's dead mouth.

ALLY  
Oh god. I can't do this.

JAY  
Yes, you can.

Ally braces herself for nausea and puts her hand on the tire iron. Then--

Jay's hands wrap around hers. Looking into each other's eyes, Ally and Jay squeeze the bloody iron shaft - together - and PULL!

They successfully YANK THE TIRE IRON FROM JORDYN'S THROAT!

ALLY  
LOOK OUT!

Ally pulls Jay out of the harm's way, as--

HEART EYES STABS HIS MACHETE DOWN ONTO THE VAN.

Ally and Jay run towards the MOVIE SCREEN. The movie's over, projector throwing an eerie WHITE GLOW, highlighting them as they get closer to the screen.

As Heart Eyes lumbers closer - Ally and Jay, trapped - his ENORMOUS SILHOUETTE casts over the movie screen. And Ally and Jay. It'd be fucking rad if it wasn't so terrifying.

JAY  
You ready?

ALLY  
Let's end this shit.

Heart Eyes pulls his second blade. *Shit.*

In a blur, Heart Eyes charges at Jay. A violent struggle.

Hard punches are traded. Blood flecks. Bones CRACK. Jay's nose, broken. From Jay's POV, Ally disappears from sight--

A BRUTAL **CRACK**. Heart Eyes goes limp. Drops his knife.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Nope.

Blood trickles through a crack in the FRONT OF HIS MASK.

REVEAL: Ally holding the TIRE IRON. She just gave our killer one god-damn of a head wound.

BUT! HEART EYES LEAPS AT ALLY, GRABBING HER--

Ally SCREAMS! Then--

A BLADE rips through HEART EYES' CHEST!

BLOOD SPATTERS all over Ally.

Heart Eyes collapses, revealing Jay behind him.

He stabbed the killer with HIS OWN MACHETE!

SILENCE. Then--

ALLY (CONT'D)

(pissed)

Thanks a lot, Jay!

JAY

What?!

ALLY

You got it in my mouth!

Ally spits blood, wipes her tongue with her sleeve.

JAY

I just saved you!

ALLY

Oh god. I'm gonna be sick.

Ally PROJECTILE VOMITS all over Heart Eyes' corpse.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Told you I can't do blood.

JAY

You weren't kidding.

She bends down and removes the Heart Eyes Mask. Ally cocks her head... Confused... Curious...



JAY (CONT'D)  
Who is that?

ALLY  
I have no fucking idea.

Ally leans down, examining his dead face.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Wait. Hold on... I do know *this* guy! He was on the news!

It's ELI from the bar! "HEART EYES! HEART EYES!"

HEAR: sirens wailing. Jay looks at Ally.

JAY  
C'mere. Let me--

Jay uses his sleeve to wipe blood off her face.

ALLY  
Thanks. Here. I'll get you.

She TEARS A SLEEVE off her new suit, wiping blood off his face. They're both just making it worse. It's so cute.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Did you get it?

JAY  
Yeah... maybe just a bath.

ALLY  
Oh, I'm gonna take a hot shower and slide down the wall into fetal position. Cry this one out.

JAY  
Hey, whatever it takes.

PANICKED TEEN  
You two... are fucking awesome.

The teens, no longer in shock, exit their car. They stare in awe of Ally and Jay.

A crowd of MOVER GOERS - COUPLES, mostly - gather around.

DYLAN and DANA (the BRO and his GIRLFRIEND from the beginning of the movie) emerge from the crowd:

DYLAN  
Yo, Valentine's Day FUCKIN' RULES!

DANA  
Relationship goals right there!

DYLAN  
You guys are heroes!

The crowd bursts into CHEERS for Ally and Jay, who blush beneath blood streaked faces.

55 CRANE: WE FLOAT UP above the aftermath. Heart Eyes at the center. The "shark" is dead. The beaches are safe. 55

56 **EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

56

TWO POLICE OFFICERS interview a couple of DRIVE-IN PATRONS.

A CORONER rolls a BODY BAG on a GURNEY toward a CORONER VAN (presumably Samm or Jordyn inside).

Jay and Ally sit in the back of an AMBULANCE, doors open. Grey blankets draped over their shoulders. Foam cups in hand.

A PARAMEDIC (30s) treats their wounds.

PARAMEDIC  
You two are gonna be famous. The couple that stopped Heart Eyes! Honestly, it's very cute.

Ally laughs. An awkward, charged silence hangs in the air.

The paramedic realizes they might be cock-blocking a moment here so they shuffle away to give them some space.

JAY  
Crazy idea. You wanna come back to my hotel? We could try to crack the campaign before my flight.

ALLY  
What? Now?

JAY  
We could actually finish our dinner. Get room service...

Ally weighs this choice. It feels so right, but--

She's tongue tied.

ALLY  
I--

HEAR: a siren chirp. An unmarked SEDAN lands curbside. Detective Shaw gets out, arm in a sling like Gary Sinise in *Ransom*.

SHAW

Just wanted to make sure you both get home safe.

JAY

Hey, detective. Could I borrow your phone? Gotta call a taxi--

SHAW

Don't be silly. I'll give you a ride.

JAY

Ohh, don't worry about it. Don't wanna put you out.

SHAW

Please. It's the least I could do. For a hero.

Jay laughs bashfully. Shaw smiles. *Is she flirting with him?*

And in the middle of it all: Ally. Suddenly the third wheel.

SHAW (CONT'D)

(re: Ally's fucked up suit)

Love the look.

ALLY

Thanks.

SHAW

Where's your stuff?

JAY

My hotel. It's on the way.

SHAW

Great. Your chariot awaits.

Shaw jumps into her cruiser. Jay ditches the blanket and cup but lingers.

ALLY

So... work call later?

JAY

Sounds... like a plan.  
(to Paramedic) Could I borrow that?

Before the paramedic can respond, Jay lifts a pen from their shirt pocket:

JAY (CONT'D)  
Since we're without phones.

He writes his PHONE NUMBER on Ally's palm. She studies his handsome face, not wanting this chapter to close.

ALLY  
Yeah. Cool.

Jay doesn't move. It's like he's waiting for something. A last ditch offer? A kiss? Something that *just isn't coming*.

Shaw gently beeps her horn twice.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Detective Honey Trap's waiting...

JAY  
She's not my type.

ALLY  
Please. Even I'd do her.  
Have a safe flight.

JAY  
Thanks.

Jay goes to hug her but Ally sticks her hand out. Jay shakes it. This whole thing is painful. He turns, climbs into the cruiser.

Ally watches as Shaw drives the man of her dreams into the night. All she has left now is the little grey blanket draped over her shoulders...

And with that, David Gray's "*This Year's Love*" starts, 'til:

PARAMEDIC  
Got another call. Gonna need that blanket back.

The Paramedic pulls it off Ally's back, slams the door shut and speeds off, leaving Ally alone beside the road.

ALLY  
What the fuck?

Cold and alone. The perfect end to a perfect evening.

**HEK POV:** WATCHING SHAW'S CRUISER DRIVE AWAY...

57           **INT. ALLY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

57

ANGLE ON: Ally's hand, hanging her brand new suit now BLOODY and TORN on the busted closet door where Heart Eyes hid.

We reveal her, freshly showered in a TOWEL. Her bedroom is still a MESS from the attack earlier.

57A           **INT. ALLY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

57A

Ally - now on the couch wearing sweats - tucked into a PINT OF MINT CHIP, finishing the movie from the drive-in (be it *Harry Met Sally* or otherwise).

She stares off, lost in thought.

BRIEF IMAGES OF THEIR NIGHT.

Jay's smile at the restaurant.

Jay and Ally in the back of the beater van, bonding.

Jay wiping blood from Ally's face.

The memory is interrupted by an incoming FACETIME CALL.

It's MONICA. Ally picks up her phone and we--

**INTERCUT CALLS:**

57B           **INT. MONICA'S FANCY SPACE / ALLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

57B

Floor to ceiling BOXES. Monica sits on a luxurious puffy ottoman in the foreground as MOVERS struggle with a COUCH.

MONICA

So??????

ALLY

You're never gonna guess what happened.

MONICA

Did he try to pee on you?!

ALLY

What?! No.

MONICA

He gave you an STD.

ALLY

No. Monica--

MONICA

Well, did you break the curse of Saint Valentine and finally get some dick?!

ALLY

I don't know if you're keeping up with current events but Jay and I were chased by a serial killer all night.

MONICA

What?! Oh my god babe are you OK?!  
(to movers)  
That goes in the kitchen!

They nod, shuffling the couch the other direction.

ALLY

Where are you?

MONICA

I'm moving in with Arthur.

ALLY

Are you serious? Right now?

MONICA

It's the only time we could do it before his summit in Davos. Are you okay? Be real with me. Do you want to come over? You can sleep in Arthur's panic room.

Ally sighs.

ALLY

I hate this feeling.

MONICA

What feeling?

ALLY

Liking someone. I fucked up. I finally met a great guy and now he's gone. I just shook his hand and went catatonic.

MONICA

You shook his hand!?

ALLY

I knowww.

MONICA

Well, where is he?

ALLY

He's at the airport.

MONICA

What? Go! Stop him!

ALLY

Oh, sure. Just cancel his flight  
for me, I'll head right over.

MONICA

What airline?

ALLY

Pacific West, I think?

MONICA

Hey, Arthur?

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Yeah babe?

MONICA

Come here, nugget!

Drumroll please: ARTHUR HARGROVE (50s, silver fox) approaches  
Monica. He's SO handsome. She speaks to Arthur in barely  
audible baby talk.

Arthur lifts his phone, dials, walks off screen.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Arthur's on it.

ALLY

That's Arthur?

MONICA

Yeah, bitch.

ALLY

Wow. Well done.

Arthur returns just as quickly as he left.

ARTHUR

It's handled.

ALLY

Wait. What?

ARTHUR

Someone at the airline owes me a favor. You're good to go.

ALLY

Oh my god. Being rich is surreal.

ARTHUR

(laughing)

I know! It's the best!

(then)

Ally, what are you waiting for?

MONICA

Your destiny awaits! Go get that girthy motherfucker!

ALLY

Oh my god! Okay! I'm going!

Ally leaps off the couch and grabs her keys.

58

**EXT. AIRPORT - CURBSIDE - NIGHT**

58

A TAXI speeds to the corner and--

ALLY

Thanks!

--drops Ally, who gets out and RUNS, dodging throngs of ANGRY TRAVELERS, AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS, KIDS, shouting for:

ALLY (CONT'D)

JAY!

ALLY POV: Ally forges ahead, spots him! JAY! His back anyway.

ALLY (CONT'D)

JAY!

He doesn't hear her. But Ally doesn't give up.

STEADI-CAM, LEADING: Ally shoving people out of the way.

ALLY (CONT'D)

JAY! WAIT!

Ally catches up to him and GRABS Jay's arm. She spins him toward her and--



*IT'S NOT JAY.*

Ally takes a step back. Confused/embarrassed:

ALLY (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry. I thought you were  
someone else.

Ally turns back to the crowd. No sign of Jay. She's too late.  
*He's gone.*

ANGLE ON: Ally's phone. **UNKNOWN CALLER.**

HEAR: THUNDER in the sky -- low, rolling, ominous.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
(hopeful)  
Hello?

No reply.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Hello?

A MAN speaks in a low whisper:

HEART EYES KILLER (V.O.)  
*Roses are red, violets are black...  
guess who's with me and not coming  
back?*

ALLY  
Who is this?

HEART EYES KILLER (V.O.)  
*We've met before. Forget me not.*

We HEAR Jay's MUFFLED CRIES for help in the background.

HEART EYES KILLER (V.O.)  
*Saint Valentine's Chapel. Come  
alone or he dies. Call for help, he  
dies.*

ALLY  
Okay. Please... don't hurt him.

HEART EYES KILLER  
*That's up to you, sweetheart.*

The call ends abruptly. More THUNDER.

As a kick of LIGHTNING edges Ally's face, we--

CUT TO:

59      **EXT. ST. VALENTINE'S CHAPEL - BLUE HOUR**

59

Ally steps out of a TAXI. It's TEEMING RAIN now (hopefully).  
She faces a creepy-as-hell old chapel. Think -- a one-room  
schoolhouse straight out of True Detective. Something's off:  
A FAINT FLICKERING GLOW emits from it's eye-like windows...

60      **INT. ST. VALENTINE'S CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS**

60

TOP SHOT: The doors open. Ally's SHADOW grows on the floor.

The doors SHUT behind her, seemingly on their own.

Ally stops in her tracks, taking in a sight straight out of a  
gothic, graffiti-scarred nightmare.

FLORAL OVERGROWTH scars the room from years of decline.

It's a musty, abandoned-church-turned-villain's love lair.

REVERSE: AN ALTAR, adorned with red FLICKERING CANDLES.

At the center of this twisted shrine is JAY - bound and  
gagged beneath an elaborate ARBOUR. Standing stiffly beside  
him is the HEART EYES KILLER. He holds a GUN to Jay's head.

HEART EYES KILLER  
*Love is blind, and lovers cannot  
see, the pretty follies that  
themselves commit.*

Ally slowly makes her way to Jay and Heart Eyes. Hands up.

Jay shakes his head, screaming through his gag - broadcasting  
to Ally to go back, but -- she keeps coming.

Heart Eyes presses the gun harder into Jay's temple.

She stops.

A silent standoff. No one speaks. Or moves. Until:

HEART EYES KILLER (CONT'D)  
*But love isn't blind, is it?*

Heart Eyes unclasps the mask, revealing...

ALLY  
The I.T. Guy?!

Yup. It's the I.T. Guy from before. DAVID.

DAVID  
Surprise.

ALLY  
Who the fuck did I kill?

David sighs, melancholy.

DAVID  
Eli. Poor, stupid Eli.

ALLY  
You were a couple?

DAVID  
*Throuple.*

A VOICE BELLOWS FROM THE DARK. *Who the fuck is this now?!*

HEART EYES (O.S.)  
*Love looks with its eyes wide open.  
Seeking what the heart needs  
most... a companion.*

Another familiar voice. A figure emerges from the SHADOWS.

DETECTIVE SHAW. No longer bubbly. Cold. Annie Wilkes-like.

Ally is floored.

SHAW  
*It's perfect match.* I found mine  
ten years ago in a chat room. David  
understood me. He saw me. And I saw  
him.

Shaw locks eyes with David, homicidal sentiment in her eyes--

SHAW (CONT'D)  
We got married here.

ALLY  
Nice. Band or DJ? (beat) You really  
sold the hopelessly devoted to love  
thing. I didn't take you as the  
religious type.

SHAW

Oh honey, no. We just like the story. St. Valentine was beheaded.

Shaw proceeds to the altar, toward her twisted soulmate.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Boston and Philly were fun, but they were just a dress rehearsal. Seattle... is where our romance began.

ALLY

Romance?! You guys murdered innocent people!

SHAW

Share what you love.

DAVID

Share what you love.

Ally and Jay immediately share a sparked look, as--

Shaw and David make out. It's sloppy and OTT.

ALLY

Oh shit.

JAY

(through his gag)  
That's good.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Well. Too bad we wasted your boyfriend at the drive-in. Fitting, though.

David and Shaw break the kiss, touching noses. Then--

They let out a wicked, rolling CACKLE.

DAVID

Ugh. Such a prude. He wasn't our boyfriend.

SHAW

Eli was a stupid fanboy.

DAVID

He was obsessed with us.

SHAW

It just got messy.

DAVID

And you know what they say--

DAVID (CONT'D)

Three-ways never work!

SHAW

Three-ways never work!

The twisted twosome share a connected chuckle.

SHAW (CONT'D)

But he did make the perfect patsy.

ALLY

You killed your own boyfriend?

DAVID

Technically, you did. But I killed your driver. My talented bae here killed the couple at the spa, and I had a blast wasting those vile dickheads at the winery.

SHAW

That reminds me...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out an EVIDENCE BAG. The one with the WEDDING BAND inside.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You dropped this.

DAVID

God, you're the fucking best.

SHAW

I know. (to Jay) And as fate would have it, your initials matched.

DAVID

It was just. Perfect. Meant to be.

Jay manages to spit out his gag.

JAY

J. Shaw?

SHAW

Jeanine Shaw, bitch.

Shaw slips the wedding band on David's finger.

DAVID

(sadistic sentiment)

You... Me... This place... It's like our wedding day all over again.

They share a mad, sick laugh and pull one other close by the other's belt. Crunching, grinding leather as they make out again.

Jay and Ally share a "WHAT THE FUCK" look.

ALLY

Why us? We're not even a couple.

SHAW

Truth be told, we were gonna kill the other couple at the restaurant, but then we saw that kiss.

DAVID

Your chemistry is... Undeniable.

ALLY

I didn't know murder was a love language.

SHAW

Try it. Maybe you'll like it. Look.

Ally follows Shaw's eye-line to a REVOLVER at her feet.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Pick it up.

Ally hesitates.

SHAW (CONT'D)

There's just a single bullet in the chamber with a single choice: *Him* or *You*.

Ally snatches it up quickly. Immediately aims it at Shaw.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Even if you shoot me, it'll be too late. You'll both be dead in seconds.

David levels his crossbow on Ally.

Ally looks at Jay, the gravity of this proposition of a lose-lose situation instantly bearing down on them.

SHAW (CONT'D)

We may have mistaken you for lovers at the beginning of the night, but let's see if you can prove us right. Could you save his life with yours, thus proving that love truly conquers all?

DAVID

That's beautiful, Jeanine.

Ally considers the impossible dilemma. A million thoughts running through her head. A million mistakes.

Ally looks at Jay. A sad smile creeps onto her face.

ALLY

I gotta say, your dedication is impressive. Twisted as fuck, but impressive. But hey, who am I to judge? Jay... do you remember what I told you in the van? I spent so long running from love, convinced it would destroy me. That in a way, I'm just like my mom... existing, not really living. And I don't want to be that person anymore. I want the storybook thing. I want to love someone.

Ally cuts herself off. She still can't say it.

Instead, She raises the pistol to her head. Jay screams, tears running down his cheeks. Begging her not to do it.

ALLY (CONT'D)

It was just one single night... but I fell hard for you, Jay. Forgive me.

Jay screams one final time. Shaw turns his head forward -- forcing Jay to watch Ally end her life.

And in a move so sudden, we barely miss it...

Ally turns the gun on Jay and FIRES.

The bullet RIPS RIGHT THROUGH JAY'S UPPER CHEST. His eyes go wide with horror. He tips aside, revealing...

A matching bullet hole in SHAW'S ABDOMEN. She looks down as a huge bloodstain blooms through her clothes.

Shaw tumbles back, FALLING INTO THE ARBOR, knocking CANDLES.

DAVID

BABYN000000000!!!!!!!

David screams, falling to her side.

Ally seizes the moment and rushes to Jay. He's conscious. In agony.

JAY

You fucking shot me!

ALLY  
I over corrected. I'm a terrible  
shot, remember?

JAY  
That's a lucky fucking shot, Ally!

ALLY  
Fair.

David stands, ROARING WITH VENGEANCE. He raises Shaw's gun--

**BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!**

Ally pulls Jay into the PEWS, BULLETS splintering wood.  
David empties the clip, seething.

61

**IN THE MAZE OF PEWS**

61

Ally and Jay crawl toward camera, but -- Jay collapses.

ALLY  
Jay. Come on!

JAY  
Ally. I can't.

ALLY  
No-no-no!

Jay's eyelids grow heavy. Ally slaps his cheek.

ALLY (CONT'D)  
Jay! Don't do this!

JAY  
Ally... did you mean what you said?

Before Ally can answer, Jay's body goes SLACK.

Ally bursts into tears:

ALLY  
No!

SHAW (O.C.)  
*Aww... Killed your own lover.*

Ally turns to see SHAW, clutching her BLOODY STOMACH.



SHAW (CONT'D)  
A Greek tragedy for the ages.

**SCHHHINK.** She unsheathes the MACHETE from her belt.

SHAW (CONT'D)  
David. Chop that pretty boy to  
pieces. I'm gonna have some fun  
with her.

David tears Jay's lifeless body away from Ally, clinging to  
him, hysterical--

ALLY  
DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HIM!

Shaw cackles, pulling Ally by the hair.

David pulls his machete and raises it, when--

Jay's eyes SNAP OPEN.

He pulls a PEG from David's belt, holds it to his temple and--

JAY  
Surprise.

DAVID  
MOTHERFU--

**CLICK!** Jay hits the button. The ARROW EXTENDS, piercing  
David's head at an awkward angle.

Shaw drops Ally at the sight of her lover's lifeless body  
hitting the ground with a dull THUD.

Shaw SHRIEKS. She CHARGES Jay with her knife.

SHAW  
I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU BOTH!

**CRASH!** Ally TACKLES HER into a LIGHT-UP CROSS. It FLICKERS.

ALLY  
Bring it.

Ally quickly realizes she's got no protection against a  
raging mad Shaw, primally SLICING at her with her blade.

Thinking fast, she grabs the BUSTED TABLE LEG.

Shaw STABS into the wood, nearly missing Ally's face. Then--

Ally takes a BRUTAL PUNCH to the face. Blood gushes from her nose. Dazed, Shaw roundhouse kicks Ally.

She crashes back into the PEWS.

Ally groans, a bloody mess, licked by neon and candle light.

Shaw spits blood. Triumphant. She lifts her MACHETE, and--

Licks her lips as she STRADDLES Ally. *Her kink is murder.*

Shaw calls to Jay, a few feet away. Conscious but unmoving.

SHAW

Are you watching, sweetie? I want  
you to see her die.

Shaw turns, raises the brutal blade above her head, and--

ALLY DRIVES HER METAL STRAW UP THROUGH SHAW'S CHIN. Her left eye pools with BLOOD. She *really* got the thing up there.

Ally clings tight to the straw, face to face with Shaw--

ALLY

Love hurts, bitch.

Ally pushes her back. Shaw flails blindly. Disoriented. She stands, cursing soundlessly, throat choked with blood.

Jay sits up. He and Ally lock eyes and share a loving smile.

ANGLE ON: Shaw. She spots THE KNIFE! Just within reach! She grabs it, as--

ALLY CHARGES HER. SCREAMING. ALL RAGE.

She plows into Shaw - who drops the knife - fists steel gripping her shirt - rocketing her backward into--

**THWACK!** A SWORD.

It's RIPPED THROUGH SHAW'S THROAT in a BLAST OF GORE.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Red really is your color.

Shaw's eye(s) go wide with terror - gripping the blade - throat full of gurgling blood.

She SLIPS, and--

BEHEADS HERSELF with her own WEIGHT. Her headless corpse drops to the floor, as--

SHAW'S HEAD balances on the blade before sliding off, hitting the ground with a wet **FWACK**.

Ally spits blood. Far from sick. Electric.

She steps back to see what killed Shaw:

It's a statue clutching a sword. She reads the blood-spattered PLAQUE - **ST. VALENTINE**.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Your day fucking sucks.

She turns, collapsing, crawling on all fours to Jay's side.

HEAR: MUFFLED SIRENS ringing out in the distance.

Jay slowly reaches out, touches Ally's blood-drenched face.

JAY

I think you're over your fear of blood...

Ally smiles bloody teeth.

They lean in for a kiss. BUT--

DAVID CRAWLS TOWARD THEM, SCREAMING!

CONGEALED CANDLE WAX FORMED to his BLOOD-SLICKED GRIMACE!

The ARROW is still threaded through his FACE!

NIGHTMARE FUEL! HOW IS IT POSSIB--

**THWIP!** HEADSHOT. Jay shoots him - a perfect, one-handed shot - with the CROSSBOW.

ALLY

Holy shit. Nice shot.

JAY

Planet saved.

Ally smiles, remembering their very first conversation.

ALLY

Planet saved.

Jay passes out. Ally's eyes fill with tears.

She holds him, so tight.

ALLY (CONT'D)

Hold on, Jay. Help's coming. Help's  
on the way. Please hold on. Please.

**HARD CUT TO BLACK.**

Then--

62

**A BRAND NEW COMMERCIAL FOR CRYSTAL CANE JEWELERS**

62

The same MODEL COUPLE from the first commercial, looking a  
lot less pretentious, doing a variety of activities on a--

**EXT. SUN-FLARED BEACH - DAY**

\*SHARING STRAWBERRIES.

\*USING A METAL DETECTOR.

\*PLAYING WITH MARIONETTES.

\*PAINTING EACH OTHER'S NAILS.

\*RUNNING WITH SPARKLERS AS THE SUN SETS.

And finally...

\*THE COUPLE, SLOW DANCING ON THE BEACH - A FLICKERING FIRE  
BETWEEN THEM.

A tagline appears on the screen:

***SHARE WHAT YOU LOVE.***

SENSUAL VOICE (V.O.)

*This engagement season... share  
what you love. With Crystal Cane.*

CLOSE: We pull out from a TV, revealing we're in--

62A

**INT. CRYSTAL CANE JEWELERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY EVENING**

The packed boardroom erupts in APPLAUSE. At the head of the  
table...

Ally, Jay and Crystal.

CRYSTAL

If ya'll had told me a year ago we'd be drinking to the *highest recorded sales* in Crystal Cane's history I'd call you a lying sack of hot trash, but here we are! And it's all thanks to these two marketing mavens right here.

More applause as MONICA, TOMMY and two INTERNS breeze through the room handing out filled CHAMPAGNE FLUTES.

LEGEND: (TBD MONTHS LATER)

Crystal raises her glass.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Ally. I'm mildly devastated it's your last day, but you're chasing your dream... going back to med school. I hope you're better with a needle than a pitch deck!

The room LAUGHS.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

To success!

EVERYONE

To success!

ALLY

Wait...

All eyes turn to Ally as she raises her glass.

ALLY (CONT'D)

To love...

Jay and Ally share a smile.

EVERYONE

TO LOVE!

Jay and Ally share a smile. The rooms AAWWWWS at the couple.

MONICA

Love is amazing. But to MONEY ALSO!

The room ROARS with approval. Monica throws her arms around Ally and Jay, spilling champagne, probably.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay, party people. Where we going?

ALLY  
Actually, Mon, we have plans...

MONICA  
OOOH. Of course. Have fun.

Crystal leans into Jay and Ally's ears, whispering too loud:

CRYSTAL  
Ya'll wanna rip rails?

ALLY  
WOW OKAY. Good night,  
Crystal! Let's go, please.

JAY  
Thanks for the bubbly! We're  
leaving.

MONICA  
Crystal, you are one crazy bitch.

Crystal CACKLES so hard, like "*I know, right?!*"

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE POP-UP DRIVE-IN (SILO PARK PARKING LOT) - NIGHT**

ON SCREEN: a series of ROMCOM TRIVIA SLIDES.

PULL BACK over a row of cars to a SECOND ROW, where we find--

**A COOL VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE**

Ally sits in the passenger seat. Jay joins with a box of  
POPCORN and TWO SODAS. They get situated under a BLANKET.

JAY  
Did I miss anything?

They each put their METAL STRAWS in their sodas.

ALLY  
Just harrowing trivia about Meg  
Ryan's orgasm.  
Did you know that couples who  
survive serial killers have a  
higher chance of staying together  
than the average?

JAY  
Couples who *kill* serial killers, no  
less. In self defense, of course.

ALLY  
Of course. (Beat) We've been  
through a lot.

**(MORE)**

**ALLY (CONT'D)**

Broken noses, broken windows.  
Decapitation. But it wasn't until I  
shot you... that I realized I was  
in love with you. (beat) Jay  
Simmonds. Thank you for saving my  
life.

JAY

Thank you for saving mine.

Ally reveals a RING BOX. Jay's mouth drops.

She opens the box. It's a **MENS ENGAGEMENT RING**.

(**ALT:** She opens the ring box. **IT'S A KEY**).

ALLY

Will you marry me?

Ally studies Jay's expression, all nerves.

JAY

Yes. A million fucking times yes.

He pulls Ally in for a romantic, passionate, perfect kiss.

The drive-in audience goes nuts. HONKS, CHEERS, HIGH BEAMS...

THEN--

ALLY'S PHONE RINGS. She looks.

**UNKNOWN CALLER.**

HEAR: OMINOUS MUSIC swirls. Ally answers.

ALLY

Hello?

HEART EYES (V.O.)

*Roses are red, violets are blue,  
guess who just took a picture of  
you.*

ALLY

Not funny, Monica!

**A CAMPER CHAIR IN FRONT OF A MERCEDES (OR OTHER FANCY CAR)**

CLOSE ON: a PHOTOGRAPHER'S LENS (not unlike the poor fella  
who took one in the eye in the beginning).

MONICA

Relax! Seriously though, it's so  
cute. Enjoy the movie, FIANCÉ!

As Jay and Ally kiss-- ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELLS as a graphic  
appears on the movie screen:

**AND NOW OUR FEATURE PRESENTATION**

The beginning of a (new, romantic) movie.

We CRANE UP to the sky to find on HEART, surrounding the  
words...

***THE END***

The words fade, as - A SECOND HEART appears by its side...